

APRIL,

1863.



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C.R. Leslie

ALEXANDRA.



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.



ALLEGORIA



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.





BAND.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

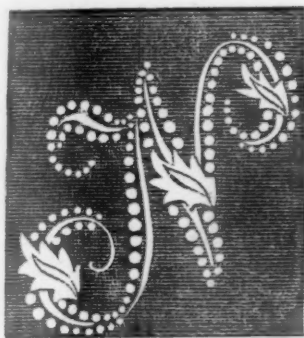


DRESS OF ESTERHAZY BROWN SILK,

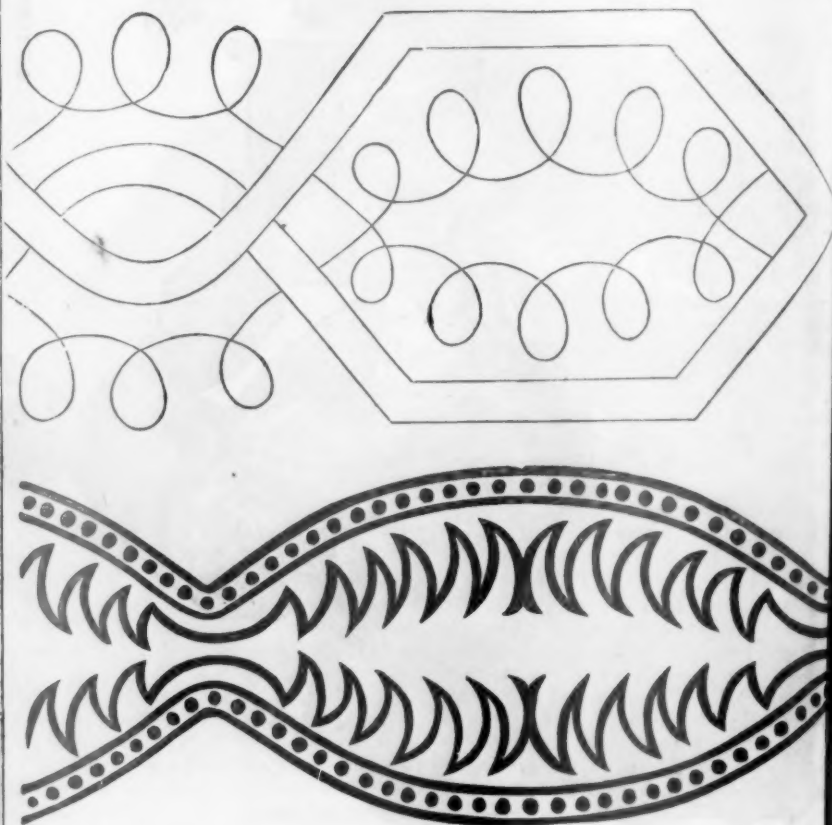
Trimmed with plaited ruffles of a lighter brown. The trimming is sewed in festoons, and is continued only up the right side of the dress, the ruffles being headed by a very heavy silk cord of the shades of brown.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.





INITIALS.



BRAIDING PATTERNS.

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ARTHUR'S
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1863.

A Plea for Food for the Mind.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

"What is the use, if it will not bring food and clothes?"

In that sentence you have the whole idea that sways that man's soul, and not only his, but a large percentage of mankind. Anything that will not bring food and raiment, is spurned away as useless, shut out with a frown, if they have the power, from their households. This is what makes so many homes mere prison-cells, where the inmates exist, walking a treadmill round through the bright sunshine and the dull rain, the budding spring and the decaying fall—all the varying beauty a kind Father gives them, with not one thought raised above "What shall I eat, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?"

Among the very poor, where the means to obtain bread to sustain life is the daily struggle, this state seems inevitable; but there is a large middle class, whose farms often spread out over hills and valleys, and whose larder is never empty, where the strife is just as earnest, and the thought as busy, as if necessity laid upon them this heavy burden. Their purse is held with an iron grasp, only when something to adorn the body or please the palate is needed, and then it is opened and the contents poured out freely.

This life to the man often brings its own excitements and enjoyments, and therefore is endurable, if not pleasant. There are sharp bargains to be driven with some less keen-sighted neighbor. The eager watching of the market for the rise and fall of grain; the visits to the store and mill, enlivened by the

petty gossip engendered in such places. These, with many other things, give variety and spice to his life; but if the wife is of a different organization, born and brought up in another atmosphere, if some of the children have deep, thoughtful eyes and intellectual foreheads, from whence will come their soul-food, without which life is a continual martyrdom? The wife may be as willing to work as her husband, to put her hand to the broom and her thoughts to the mixing of exact ingredients of food, yet there will be inwardly a ceaseless cry for mental relaxation which will often cloud her brow, and frown her lip, and bring down the epithet of "cross" upon her, which is quite as unjust as if one should shut her husband in a carpeted room day after day, with a nice fire, and plenty to eat, and a stick to whittle to amuse himself with, and then term him unreasonable because he frets and fumes at the confinement.

There are but few men but what would call themselves hard names, if through forgetfulness they neglected to provide sufficient fuel for the comfort of their family; and you could hardly find a sober man who would not shed tears if his wife and children had to suffer for food even one day; yet these very persons often perfectly ignore all knowledge of an inner life, with its needs, which if not supplied cause suffering oftentimes more intense than the suffering of the body. Not a volume lies upon their table, but a few text-books; not a paper, but the driest political sheet, with its weekly record of the market; not an engraving upon the walls, except some miserable print, embodying a subject still more miserable, taken in exchange for a peddler's dinner. That the

woman, in the first place, is often as much to blame as her husband, I will not deny. In her early married days, a little home, with all its concomitants, seems so desirable, that every penny must be saved for that object. Everything but mere necessities are deemed superfluities, until a few acres are added to the home, and so it goes on, until the wife's poor starved nature will be heard, and then it is too late. The man has found his enjoyments out in the bustling world, and he has no need to turn to recreations that interfere with his fixed habits of acquiring, that have now become second nature, and like a threefold cord cannot be broken.

Listen, Dearest.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

Listen, dearest, I am dreaming
By the lattice pane,
Where the silver drops are streaming
Of the patting rain;
Overhead, and deeply veiling
Heaven's golden smile,
Purple clouds are slowly sailing
Down its azure aisle.

Where so late the starry eluster,
On the eve's blue rim,
Glowed in cloudless light and lustre,
All is dark and dim;
But the morning will be peeping
At us from on high,
Where thick clouds now lie a-sleeping,
With its sweet blue eye.

Dearest, like the heavens' seeming
Is life's winding way,
Overcast, and brightly beaming,
Till the "perfect day;"
But when we are safely landed
Over Jordan's tide,
When Time's army is disbanded
On the other side,

There'll be skies forever shadeless,
O'er the fresh green hills,
There'll be buds and blossoms fadeless,
By the silver rills;
Smoothly sweep thy life-bark, maiden,
Time's blue waters o'er,
Safely land thy spirit-laden,
On that wearless shore.

DECEMBER, 1862.

Higher Offices of Friendship.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"All can be virtuous; they can, besides, if they choose, be well bred and pleasing."

I fear not the latter, any more than all can be graceful in motion, or melodious in voice, yet I think disagreeable people might become less disagreeable; might soften some of their unpleasant peculiarities, if they only had some kind friend to point them out.

And why should not this be one of the offices of friendship? Why should we hesitate to receive hints from a friend with regard to these things, or to bestow them? We do not hesitate, with an intimate friend, to speak of becomingness or unsuitableness in matters of dress, of taste and incongruity with respect to selection or arrangement of furniture, and many other things, yet these are less essential. How often an agreeable person, fine mental endowments, and good natural powers of pleasing, are marred—their effect thoroughly neutralized, perhaps, by some habit of body or mind, of which the possessor is wholly unconscious, but which might easily be remedied if his attention were directed to it.

It may be some mental peculiarity contracted in early life—from association, perhaps, and not the outgrowth of his organization—an excrescence that can be easily removed, or a distortion that can be set right with a little effort. Yet we often see things in fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, and know that they are observed by others, without kindly pointing them out, and assisting them to adjust what is wrong.

We even sometimes remark upon these things when they are not present; even indulge in ridicule perhaps, and know that others—uninterested persons—must do so; and yet would no more think of helping them to remove the unpleasant peculiarity, than of reducing a too prominent nose to proper proportions, or straightening a crooked one, or shaping unsymmetrical limbs.

How much misery, unhappiness, failure, there are in the world, because people do not dare to speak truth—do not dare to act truth.

Should we see a friend going along the street with his cloak on wrong side out, or his garments soiled with something with which he had come in contact accidentally, we would not fail to tell him, rather than have him become an object of ridicule. If a woman went out with her dress disarranged in some way of which she was unconscious, would not

some one apprise her. In the streets of a certain smoky city, if one meets a friend or acquaintance, with a blotch of black soot on his face, he tells him, or helps him to brush it away. We see blemishes in his character or conduct, as conspicuous—perhaps as accidental—that perhaps might be wiped away almost as easily, but of which the bearer is as unconscious as of the black blotches on his face, seen by all eyes but his. Does the friend point out *these* blemishes faithfully, kindly, and help him to remove them?

At a public place not long since, a woman came in with a red flag flaunting from the blue roses in her bonnet. Smiles passed from lip to lip, as she went up the aisle to a front, conspicuous position. Immediately one of her friends went to her—whispered a few words, and removed the red flag. She had been out somewhere, came in and laid off her bonnet among the doll rigs of her little girl, to take a cup of tea previous to going out again—donned it hastily in the dark, and gone out with the strip of Turkey red that adhered to her flowers, streaming like a banner from her bonnet.

Not long after I met the same lady at a party. She was past middle age, and had not a particularly beautiful neck and arm, yet she made an exposé of them that would have been indecent in a young girl. She was a legitimate subject of ridicule this time. All felt "how absurd she looks—how unseemly." Many expressed this to each other in undertones. She was indeed the observed of all observers, yet not in the way she meant to be, or fancied she was. She supposed their eyes followed her, or sought her out for the attractive appearance she made, and plumed herself accordingly—made herself still more ridiculous—excited sleeve-laughter still more. The friend who had been her monitor upon a former occasion was there. She knew the sneers and ridicule excited by her costume. Will she tell her, I thought, when they return home—warn her that she is making herself absurd, for they were cousins, and boarded in the same house.

Will not some one go to her, and taking her by the hand, tell her, and say kindly—there are few who have the power to "see themselves as others see them," to see themselves as they are—which is a deeper observation, for most observers see only the surface, and are not capable of exploring the depths of character. All need a kind and discriminating friend to tell them their failures—tell

them what they do that they ought not to do—tell them where they come short of what they ought to do. How much would this advance the happiness—the success—the usefulness of us all. Why are we not more faithful to each other—more true to each other?"

The Two Homes.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

HOMES, NO. I.

I was to board with Mrs. Wimp for the term, while I taught school. I had never been in the house, but it had a handsome outside, and I liked the looks of the piazza and Venetian blinds, and evergreens in the yard.

"You are the new teacher, I suppose," said Mrs. Wimp, as I went timidly in the first noon-time for my dinner.

I assented; but after chatting half an hour I saw no dinner nor any sign of it, (I learned afterwards that they ate in that house when they got hungry, and not at any particular time,) so looking at my watch I told her I must hurry back to school, and would thank her for a piece of bread and butter, as I had had nothing to eat since I left town in the morning. Mrs. Wimp was a quiet, good natured woman, and seemed really vexed that she had not thought to ask me if I was hungry.

Betty was called from the lower regions, and after awhile brought along some mince pie and doughnuts, of which I ate enough hastily to make me think, that afternoon, I had got one of the worst schools in creation. The lunch was laid upon a marble slab table in the front parlor, and I noticed when I passed through the hall in the evening that the plates lay there still.

Mr. Wimp was a tall, dark, handsome man, but I thought him very cross and exacting, grumbling about his pocket handkerchiefs being hid away where he never could find them. "My dear, I don't hide them," I hear Mrs. Wimp say laughingly, and then she would patiently search all the drawers of the bureau, sometimes in vain, though she had plenty of them she said, if she only knew where to find them.

I never saw Mrs. Wimp angry, not even when her husband told her before me one day that he hadn't a shirt in the world with a full set of buttons on, and that he'd worn one pair of socks three weeks. "Well, the other pair went astray in the wash, or weren't picked

up when Betty was hunting the dirty clothes," she said, apologetically.

Betty was a clumsy, untutored girl, who had never been brought up with any habits at all, save those she had naturally fallen into, and Mrs. Wimp with her everlasting crocheting and embroidery, had no spare time to bring her up now. I must confess to a feeling of amusement the first afternoon I went into the kitchen, and saw Betty floundering through a perfect labyrinth of pots and crocks and grease jars. Here was a pan of yeast in the sink that had lain there for days apparently, and a bowl of soft soap beside it; broken cheese, around which the flies buzzed in hundreds, stood in the pantry, the shelves of which were almost empty. Bless me! I cried, Betty, how do you ever make out? Why don't you set away half these things in the pantry? "Why, Miss, I keeps 'em here to be handy," she replied, "how can I run in de pantry mit every tings. You cannot vishstan de kitchen, you knows best de shule."

And so ended my attempts in trying to better things, until with a sallow face and somewhat dyspeptic, I took my leave at the end of my school term.

HOME, NO. II.

"How do you get along, aunty, for want of room in this little log house?"

"System, child, system is everything," she replied.

"Yes, but you used to tell me in New York, 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' I should think you had no place for anything here."

And while I spoke, I instinctively glanced around at the neat arrangements of the three-roomed house. Aunty had seen better days before the crash of 1857, and while her husband was struggling hard to retrieve himself, she was not the one to indulge in the luxury of a fine house until she could afford it. She had brought along to Ohio one bureau and a clock, they were the last of her fine furniture, and the only pieces she saved to bring out West. I looked up at the antiquated clock in its mahogany frame, and it seemed to say, "twelve o'clock, dinner's ready, children," as aunty used to say when I was a child. In the morning when the time piece struck six, we were eating breakfast; and uncle boasted that he and his boys were to work in the fields, when some of his neighbors were but starting fires.

I never saw a bureau that did such service

as that one. There were the bed linen and hand towels and table cloths; one especial drawer was "the baby's drawer," and nothing belonging to it ever went anywhere else. In the small upper drawers was the place for the kerchiefs, the collars and gloves, and smaller knick-knacks. Indeed I believe she could go to that bureau and get what she wanted in the dark.

Ironing day (Wednesday) I heard her say to the boys, "Here are your socks, and shirts, and handkerchiefs, put them away neatly in your trunks." And then I perceived that in lieu of better, their travelling trunks were still used, and that aunty had still a place for everything. Monday was washing day, and I noticed that all the dirty clothes were taken out of a box without any apparent gathering, and was consequently not surprised on next Sabbath morning to hear three-year-old Katy say, "Mamma, Katy put way dirty apen in a dirty clothes box."

Tuesday my aunt always had baking and churning done; indeed, the old clock was not more regular with its tick, tick, tick, than was she with one day for this, another for that, and so forth, and that was the reason I suppose that the house was always so neat, because too much work was never crowded into one day. The children had a robust, healthy look, like children who had proper food in due season. For after all, it is the dieting, and not the medicine, that makes the healthy family.

If I were a romance writer now, I should represent Mrs. Wimp as having children who should in due time intermarry with my aunt's children, and have a dreadful time, as order and disorder, system and no system, clashed with each other.

My characters are taken from life, and yet I suppose such marriages do sometimes take place, and no doubt they do have a dreadful time before each party accommodates itself to the other—if such a time ever arrives.

MOUNT CARROLL, Illinois.

PRIDE.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you want ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it. Pride has broken many a heart.

Among the Parchments:

THE LAW-STATIONER'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Lichborough is a cathedral city, one of those ecclesiastical rookeries which lie wrapped up, as it were, in "the odor of sanctity," secure from the polluting touch of trade and "progress." Lichborough is sleepy as well as sanctified. Its quiet streets and echoless squares are filled with a soothing atmosphere of deans and deacons, proctors and spinsters. The pavements of dazzling monotonous cleanliness suggest the idea that the whole place, like so many of its inhabitants, perpetually wears a white cravat about its old neck.

Commerce, in Lichborough, just rubs her eyes upon market days, gives herself an impatient shake or two, and then tumbles off to sleep again for six days more. During the rest of the week a single combat of dogs in the principal street will cause somnolent shopmen to rush to their doorways, and excited clerks to fly to the office windows. A ballad singer is there a marvel, a costermonger a curiosity, and a private soldier—"a spectacle."

One of Lichborough's chief notabilities was old Jack Scrawley. "This Indenture," as he was termed by the few choice spirits whom he admitted to his intimacy, was a law stationer considerably over the middle age, and rather under the middle height. His thin face was as yellow as vellum. The color of his hair remained a matter of memory or conjecture; that of his wig, however, was a sort of mouse tint slightly inclining to auburn. His costume smacked of those halcyon days when the giants "John Doe" and "Richard Roe" were in the plenitude of their power, and "Common Recoveries" among common things. But, if antiquated in cut and appearance, his dress was always respectable; his black suit, somewhat rusty, was carefully mended and brushed, and his linen was ever of the whitest.

Jack was regularly to be seen upon fine summer afternoons pacing along the sunny side of the Cathedral Close, looking like some lean parasite of the gray edifice whose spires flung their broad shadows about him. If one of the attenuated saints had slipped down from his uncomfortable niche and arrayed himself in black breeches and gaiters, you would have imagined that he and Jack Scrawley were brothers. It was worth a visit to Lichborough only to see "This Indenture," and come away again. He was a perfect picture—pacing

slowly along in the sun-light, now and then pausing to assist himself to a pinch of snuff with the air of a man performing a sacred rite, perfect, from his white cravat to his ebony walking stick; the city without old Jack Scrawley would have been as absurd as the city without the great church of Saint Gudulph itself.

Jack was a "pet" in many places, and among very diverse society. His favorite haunt, however, was the cosy bar-parlor of "The Pilgrim," a little half-timbered hostelry at the corner of the "Close." Evening after evening as the clock struck nine ("be the same a little more or less"), Jack Scrawley's foot crossed the threshold of "The Pilgrim."

The purpose of our law-stationer, in these nightly visits, was to meet a select circle, of which he was the oracle and the pride. This circle was composed of a few antique and shrivelled lawyers' clerks; one or two superannuated land surveyors; a drunken little auctioneer; and a sprinkling of decayed or decaying tradesmen, who relished the professional conversation of the other worthies.

Whenever an occasion of extra festivity arose among this set—such as a birthday, the marriage of a son or daughter, the advent of a grandchild, or the like—there was pretty sure to be a call upon our friend Jack Scrawley for "his tale." Thereupon ensued a tremendous clattering of glasses and teaspoons, and quivering of the boards beneath the feet of the company. When that effervescence of popularity had subsided, Jack would straighten himself in his arm-chair, and lay down his pipe slowly and systematically. This was the first act of preparation. Next, he would deliberately take out a gigantic horn snuff-box, stuff his nostrils with an air of mystery, and hand the box condescendingly to his neighbor. Then, enveloping his nose in a huge red cotton handkerchief, he sounded two solemn notes of preparation and warning. This done, he leaned back in his chair, folded his hands in front of his person, and with an introductory "hem!" commenced a certain mysterious narrative with which he never failed to chill the blood of his listeners.

It appears that Jack Scrawley had once been a young man. It might be difficult for his companions to realize the possibility of this, as they watched him sitting up stiffly in the cane-backed chair; the gas-light touching his mouse-colored wig into strange and fanciful hues, and lighting up his withered face and shrivelled frame. It was so, however,

and to that bygone time of youth his story related.

One night in January, a great many years ago—Jack never told *how* many—a terrible tempest of wind and rain burst over the town of Lichborough. The usually quiet old place was turned inside out, as it were, by the fury of the storm. The spouts became cataracts, and the gutters raging streams. The lower lanes and byways were converted into water channels. The Cathedral Close became a miniature lake, having raging and foaming eddies and whirlpools here and there. Infirm doors and ancient inn signs were swung about wildly by the sudden gusts of wind, and creaked and moaned in a melancholy chorus. The feeble oil lamps winked and blinked at the storm as if to conciliate it and to come to a right understanding with it; and then, not a few of them, gave up the attempt altogether and—went out. The umbrellas of unhappy foot-passengers were seized by the ruthless wind and rendered, in a moment, hideous and shapeless masses of silk or gingham; their unhappy owners rushing round corners headlong, dashing along from one shelter to another, clinging close to the walls, and choking up doors and passages in their wild flight from the storm.

On such a night

our hero, Jack Scrawley, was busily engaged upon the copy of a certain precious long document in the office of Messrs. Tapewell and Teasem. Messrs. Tapewell and Teasem were lawyers, and their establishment was in the Cathedral Close. Their office was an ancient, shrivelled, evil-looking edifice, like a brick and mortar personification of the Law itself. It was not an open-faced, open-hearted, looking building, like the houses upon either side of it; but a black, sneaking, skulking thing, crouching under the shadow of its taller neighbors; with fraud and concealment written on the very face of it. The upper portion of the house was half timbered, but the lower part appeared to have been patched up and modernized about a century ago. Over the door, and under a sort of hood in the shape of a Dutch-oven, composed of wood, and having a leaden covering, was a square recess containing a *cornucopia* and a quantity of scroll-work in bas-relief. Underneath this it was recorded that "E. T. and A. T." had repaired the structure in the year 1759.

The building had long been dedicated to law and lawyers; for not only had it been a legal office under the auspices of Messrs. T. and T. for upwards of forty years, but for

sixty years prior to that time the parents of those gentlemen had carried on the same lucrative business within its walls; and they, in their turn, had entered into partnership upon the death of the first Mr. Tapewell, the laborious founder of the practice.

Internally the structure resembled pretty much the generality of legal strongholds elsewhere. There was a large square lobby, furnished with a couple of black oak chairs and having a quantity of posters hanging from pegs in the wall, announcing the sale of "eligible properties" and "desirable estates." Out of this lobby opened the clerk's offices, and a dreary, dingy waiting-room. A huge staircase, having carved and twisted banisters of black oak, conducted you to the upper floor. There, out of a second lobby somewhat smaller than the one below, opened the rooms used by the principals, Messrs. Tapewell and Teasem, and a third apartment, of which I shall have much more to say. This latter was a large room, panelled, as were most of the others, with brown mahogany, rendered still darker by long want of polish and by its thick coating of dirt. The dingy cobwebs swung unmolested from the corners of the window to the carved cornice of the walls. The window glass was rendered nearly opaque with the accumulated filth of generations. The dust rested in thick layers upon the sashes, the shelves, the chimney-piece, and every other projection able to afford it a resting-place. The fender was tawny with ancient rust, and stood in front of a rusty grate. One side of the room was occupied by an immense book-case—a grub-eaten, rickety piece of furniture—stocked with a cargo of obsolete and ragged law books, banished from the more frequented chambers. A gigantic black oak table, cut and scored with many devices and bearing the signs of many an inky mishap, occupied the central space of the floor. In a host of pigeon-holes, filling up one end of the room, were deposited a quantity of ancient brown and yellow packets of papers, drafts, and old and useless documents. In one corner of the apartment stood a queer piece of furniture, with twisted and bandy legs, looking something like an ancient dumb waiter; upon the shelves of which lay sundry other piles of parchment and paper, blackened by their repeated coatings of dust. By the side of the window stood a huge chair, with a semi-circular back covered with well worn black leather and studded with great brass nails like livery buttons.

This room was an object of especial dread and aversion to the younger clerks in the employ of Messrs. T. and T. Strange stories were told of it. There was one especially strange tale about an unhappy client who had lingered on for years and years, living upon the hope of a successful termination to a Chancery suit, and who, when the end at length arrived, and he was made acquainted with his utter ruin, entirely lost what little stock of reason the law had left him.

This poor fellow, said the story, one day, coming to upbraid old Tapewell with the wreck of his hopes, paused suddenly in the midst of his incoherent ravings, and fell down upon the floor of that room at the feet of the terrified lawyer—a dead man. This was the reason, the clerks would say among themselves, why the chamber was never used by either of the principals, and was degraded into a species of lumber closet.

There was another rumor afloat which did not tend to improve the reputation of that ill-fated apartment. It was reported amongst the dwellers in the Cathedral Close, that, upon a certain night in every year, a dim and shadowy figure had been seen to pass across the window of that room, exactly as the clock of St. Gudulph's told the hour of midnight. The night fixed for this little supernatural performance was, of course, the anniversary of that one upon which the poor client was supposed to have met with his death.

Between Messrs. T. and T.'s office and the end of the Cathedral transept there was but a narrow passage, perhaps about ten feet in width, and when inside the apartment of which I have spoken, and looking through the window, the first object that obtruded itself upon notice was a great stone figure at the extremity of one of the gurgoyls, grinning ever with a hideous and immovable grimace, directly opposite to the startled spectator.

Upon the day preceding the night in question, our friend Jack had undertaken a very heavy job for Messrs. Tapewell and Teasem. He had promised by a certain time to let them have the fair copy of an immense Case for the opinion of counsel in a matter where two old friends and neighbors were at deadly loggerheads with one another, respecting a little ditch of a watercourse, and a trumpety right of way. Being in the habit of working, not at his own home, but in the offices of the different lawyers who needed his services, he proceeded in the afternoon to Messrs. Tapewell and

The room of ill-fame being the one which could best be spared for the purpose, was set apart for his accommodation; the table was robbed of its long-boarded dust, and a fire was kindled in the rusty grate.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when he commenced his labors, and for an hour or two he worked away steadily and systematically, gradually increasing the heap of his own fair copy upon his right hand, and diminishing that of the rough draft upon his left.

Now, as a matter of course, our law stationer was fully aware of the evil reputation belonging to the chamber in which he was at work. So long, however, as daylight remained, and he was in a manner connected with the outer world by the sounds of business—as when, in the next room, Mr. Tapewell was “conferring and advising,” and Mr. Teasem “attending and settling”—and every now and then clerks and clients ascended or descended the stairs—the terror seemed, if not destroyed, at least laid at rest for the time. But the night began to fall in, and he was obliged to light the candles in the great plated candlesticks. The light they cast in the large room was far from satisfactory, viewed through our gas-accustomed eyes. The flickering of the fire caused strange, fantastic shadows to leap up and fall again, to waver backwards and forwards like living things, until, at the distance of a few feet from the table, nothing appeared stable or certain.

Our friend was no coward, but still this was “the haunted office,” and, in spite of himself, he felt a lively sense of his situation *crawling*, as it were, over him by little and little.

At last Mr. Teasem locked his room door and walked briskly down stairs with his creaking boots; a few minutes more, and the head of the firm also opened and closed his door, and that precise methodical gentleman stalked quietly down after his more volatile partner. When this happened, Jack felt that the last link between himself and the world of men was broken.

Fear suddenly took hold upon him. He gave a scared glance about him at the antique furniture, and the wavering lights and shadows. His hair began to stir itself upon his head, and his heart beat fast. Summoning up resolution, however, he riveted his eyes upon the page of scrawled and blotted draft from which he was copying, “All ways, waters, watercourses,” read he, with his finger running along the line; but his voice sounded so

solemnly, so strangely, that he gave a start at his own accents. "What nonsense!" he cried, recovering himself again, "What an ass I am!" "Lights, easements, profits, privileges, emoluments and appurtenances," he went on. "One more page and then I'll go home," he thought to himself. "Ah! what was that?" A strange noise somewhere; was it below, in the street, or was it in the room itself? "Oh, I can't stand this!" exclaimed our poor friend, jumping up from his seat—"I must go down stairs; anything is better than this. He gathered his papers hastily together. Upon lifting his eyes he was terribly scared to see, as he imagined, a huge humpbacked man standing against the opposite wall. A moment served to show him that it was but the shadow of the ugly old dumb-waiter, and a large bundle of papers upon its topmost ledge. The bare idea, however, was amply sufficient for his undermined courage. Seizing a candle in one hand and the papers in the other, he fairly darted from the room. When upon the staircase he happened to drop one of the documents he was carrying; he was just stooping to pick it up, when he heard another noise. Bang! bang! bang! The doors were being shut down stairs. There was a sound as of footsteps in the lobby. Bang! went the outer door. "Holloa!" shouted Jack, rushing to the head of the stairs—"Hi! don't lock me in!" A key turned in the lock of the street door. "Hi! hilloa!" screamed the terrified little man, running frantically down the stairs. "Stop! hi! don't! I'm locked in! Holl-o-a-a!" All in vain—nobody answered. It was too late—he had been quite forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

As our law stationer stood alone upon the cold stone flags of the lobby, gazing dejectedly at the door which was inexorably locked against him, the sense of his isolation and loneliness struck him with a sudden chill, as if a wet garment had been flung about him. If he could have sunk through the stones at his feet, he would have gladly done so. He was alone—alone in the haunted house!

After a few moments had passed, he went eagerly to the doors leading to the lower rooms, and tried to open them; alas! they were locked. There was nothing for it but to remain where he was, or to return to that dreaded chamber above. For a little time he stood stock still in utter perplexity and silent terror. At last, making the best of his bad bargain, he reascended the stairs by an effort

of desperation. "They will surely remember me soon," he said to himself, "if not, I will call from the window, and arouse the neighborhood."

So up stairs he went, and re-entered the apartment of evil fame. If the place had seemed lonely and fearsome before, its horrors appeared to have been multiplied ten-fold. The candle which he had left upon the table, had a lump like a fiery fungus upon its wick, and was yielding but a very feeble light. The fire having burnt down low in the grate, gave, at intervals, little flashes and bursts of flame, causing every object in the chamber to assume a weird-like and fantastic appearance.

Our friend, like a brave little man as he was, resolutely shook his terror away from him, and walked up to the table. Setting down his candle and the papers which he carried, he resumed his seat. "I won't believe that it's haunted," he said to himself, as he dipped his pen again in the ink; yet, nevertheless, at that word "*haunted*" he felt his cheeks grow again suddenly cold with the unconquered fear. However, he set to work once more at his copying with a courageous will, if with rather a tremulous hand.

For some time he worked on; every now and then a noise, either issuing from the street, or caused by the flight of a mouse behind the panelling, would make him start and glance fearfully about him. In spite, however, of these constant disturbances, he resolutely pursued his task. "Surely they will remember me sometime," he thought; "they *can't* forget me altogether;" and then he read on, "together with the appurtenances thereto belonging." Ah! what was that? An unusual rush of water from a spout above his head on to the flooded pavement beneath had caused him to spring nearly out of his seat; discovering the origin of the noise, however, he took heart once more. "To the use of the said Ann Holdfast, her heirs and assigns forever;" and so on, over line after line of brief-paper, his pen travelled with diligence.

At the proper times the great clock of the cathedral rang out the quarters in its clear musical tones, and as often as this happened, in spite of himself, our friend gave a fresh start, and his heart gave a flutter and a leap as if about to make its escape by his mouth. Hour after hour glided by, and still there was no rescue for the unfortunate prisoner. At last, St. Gudolph's clock, in solemn, sonorous tones, informed the good people of Lichborough that it was eleven; and, simultaneously with

the first note, one of the candles popped into its nest of grease, and went out. Its companion bestowed just sufficient light to make utter darkness a very desirable thing, and the fire was reduced to a mere ruddy centre of a circle of white ashes. The eleven strokes sounded through the darkened room, and echoed from the panelled walls with dreary distinctness, and a presage of evil in their tones. A thought came into our friend's head, which sent all the courage he had so laboriously summoned up flying helter skelter before it. He thought how soon it would be midnight, the time when, if spectres there were, those spectres, like the watchmen, would be upon duty and walking about. Midnight, and he quite forgotten! Unable to endure it any longer, he darted to the window, determined upon rousing the neighborhood to a knowledge of his misery. Pressing his face close to the panes, he peered out into the stormy night. It was long before he could discern anything; it was a difficult matter to see through the glass, obscured with dirt, and bleared with the driving rain. At last, by the assistance of a weakly ray or two cast by a struggling lamp in the street, he made out the form of some one sheltering underneath the Cathedral porch over the way.

Presently the sound of laughter came floating up towards his prison. Encouraged by the near-presence of human beings, he called out at the pitch of his voice, in order to attract the attention of the shelterers. He rattled the window, and again and again shouted; this time with better success, for a girl issued from beneath the archway, looked up for two or three moments, and then with a sudden and loud scream dashed away at a headlong speed, followed by her companion, also screaming with might and main, and heedless of the pelting storm and the rushing water in the street. Poor Jack withdrew his eyes in blank despair; it was of no use, he was doomed to remain till morning, and there was no help for it. At this conviction his heart fairly sank within him, and the tears slid down his cheeks. Turning half round, his eye fell upon the queer old dumb waiter before mentioned, and the leg furthest from him seemed, to his excited imagination, to raise and replace itself noiselessly. Jack gazed at it with distended eyes and clenched hands, an alternate heat and chill chasing each other over his frame. It was however but a freak of his fancy, for the ugly old thing remained as immovable as ever. Yet, in spite of his convic-

tion that his sight had been deceived, he was so shaken by this last fright that he dared not resume his labor. He had not courage left even to cross the room to the table again, and when the great clock told another quarter of an hour to be passed, he threw himself into the huge leather-covered chair which was close beside him, and over the top of which his greatcoat was hanging, and drawing that garment entirely over his head and face, he resolved to see no more.

Although he had thus barred himself against the terrors of sight, he could still hear; and as "the noises of the night" creaked and rustled about him; as the stormy wind swept round the Cathedral into the narrow passage, and drove the rain against the rattling window; and alternately moaned and roared and whistled—at all these things his hair stirred afresh, and his heart fluttered. At last the long dreaded time arrived, and midnight rung from St. Gudolph's tower, each one of the twelve great strokes seeming to be beaten separately into his brain, as if a Cyclops had dealt the blow. He quaked from head to foot. "Now" was the hour—"Now!" For the wide world he would not then have taken the covering from his head. But what if some ghastly presence or other, determined upon making itself known, should lay a strong hand upon him, and forcibly tear the coat from his grasp! He clutched the garment with a desperate hand, and held it so tightly down that he could scarcely breathe.

* * * * *

After a time, he did not know how long, it seemed that the coat, in spite of all his efforts to retain it, was drawn gently, but irresistibly, from his hold. The room, it appeared, had grown still darker, and yet, at the same time, a sort of semi-luminous mist had enveloped the different articles of furniture, in which they stood revealed with a painful distinctness. He could see all of them plainly—the dumb waiter, the old book-case, the black ranges of pigeon-holes, with their crowded papers, and the pile of yellow parchments and brown documents lying at the end of the table. As he gazed, wonderingly, a large Deed seemed to rear itself upon its end, and then, quietly unfolding, and rising up and up, it expanded to the height of a small human being, and changed, by little and little, into the shape of a thin, evil-looking, yellow old man.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, involuntarily.

"Well," said a harsh, dry, unpleasant voice, from the throat of a little old man.

"Who—o—o are you?" asked our terrified friend.

"My name," answered the other, in a dry, precise manner, as if the inside of his throat had been hard baked, and had cracked afterwards, "My name is Mortgage!" and as he said it, his little red eyes, somehow strangely like the seals of the deed, twinkled and flashed, and a quiet, wicked grin curled the corners of his thin, pallid lips.

"Indeed, sir," said Jack, for he thought it best to be civil.

"Mortgage," repeated the little old man, "I am very wicked they say; but I like it." And he looked as if he did.

Jack did not reply, for he did not know what to say.

"Do you know what I did?" asked the little old man.

Our friend confessed his ignorance of the particular mortgage in question.

"You are my friend," continued the spectre.

"No—o—no; that is ye—e—s, sir," said our unfortunate hero, for he perceived that the spectre was looking angrily at him.

"My friend," said the apparition, with a strong emphasis, and frowning horribly, "you have engrossed my children; you have ruled 'em, made 'em up, sealed 'em ready for use. You are nearly as bad as I am. Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the little old man.

Jack was horrified.

"So I like you, you see," continued the shape. "But what did I do in my day? It was long before your time; should you like to know what I did?"

"Yes," faltered the law-stationer. "Yes, if you please, sir."

"Right," said the spectre, "that's right; well, I'm very old and musty—you see I am, don't you?"

"Yes, sir!" answered our friend, for he supposed it would be taken as a compliment.

"But I have been strong in my time; I was born here, here in this office, long years ago; the worms have crawled in and out of the eye-holes where lay the eyes that first read me. The great oaks are down that I was written to talk about; the green fields are built over; the old mansion is in the dust. There is misery where I found plenty; want where dwelt hospitality; equalor where there was splendor. Ho! ho! isn't that worth doing?" And the evil-looking shape shook itself again and again with laughter.

"But what did I do? See; this is what I did;" and, as he spoke, the law-stationer

thought he heard a rustling sound proceeding from the side of the table farthest from him. Suddenly there seemed to be another figure standing in the room, Jack stared in astonishment upon this second spectre; it was totally different in appearance from the other. It was much pleasanter to look upon. It was the figure of a young man; a fine, dashing, handsome, dare-devil looking fellow, dressed in the attire of an age long gone by, having a rich purple velvet surcoat, worked and ornamented with broad gold lace, and wearing fine lace ruffles, a lace cravat, and a cavalier hat with a slouching feather. He was as handsome a figure of an Englishman as one could wish to meet; and from the richness of his dress and his bearing—easy, jaunty, yet dignified withal—appeared to be of good, if not of noble, family. Behind him—could it be that the end of the room had been removed by magic—our friend beheld a grand old mansion with many gables and turrets and cupolas, lying in the bosom of a fine domain, where great shadowy oaks and elms stood in rich clusters, and where there were green lawns, and slopes, and terraces, and urns filled with living flowers; and statues, gleaming white amongst the foliage. All this faded away however in a moment—no sooner discerned than gone again.

"Now this was before I was born," said the disagreeable old apparition whom Jack had forgotten for the moment, in his wonder at the scene presented to his view. "See, what is next!"

A change seemed to fall upon the young gentleman; his eyes grew bloodshot; his face flushed with the flush of wine; his sword was broken; his feather had been torn from his hat; in one hand he held a Venice goblet and in the other a dice-box.

"Now," said the old apparition, "see what I did."

It appeared to our law-stationer that the phantoms gradually but surely approached each other. But the younger one seemed extremely reluctant to draw near the elder, and thrust out his hands again and again to repel the advance of the other figure. In vain, however, for the old spectre, suddenly leaping forward, seized him by the throat, dragged him roughly to the floor, and set his knees upon his chest.

Whilst lying at the mercy of his antagonist another change stole over the poor young fellow. Jack hardly recognized him for the same. He was pale as ashes, and appeared to be fast sinking. He was dirty and ragged;

with the tatters of rich garments and of tarnished gold lace hanging about him; a stream of blood was flowing from his livid lips and staining the straw of which his bed was composed. In his right hand he held an oval miniature, once richly set with gems, but having then merely the vacant holes in which that setting had shone. It was the portrait of a beautiful girl, but the features were scarcely discernible, for the red tide from the dying man's lips had stained the ivory and the ribbon by which it had been suspended from his neck.

A weak groan issued from his lips, a groan that was half a sob; then came a few faint words—"Poor—poor wife—better have sold—better have sold!"—and with another feeble cry his head rolled over to the one side apparently in death.

Our friend's eyes filled with tears at the pitiable spectacle, and he closed them with a shudder. At this moment sounds like those of a woodman's axe rang through the chamber, and echoed and reëchoed from the pannelled walls. Jack felt that the fatal strokes were being dealt upon those magnificent trees of which he had had a glimpse in the vision of the park and mansion.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the yellow old man; "see here."

The law-stationer again looked up: the young cavalier was no longer there; but instead, he was able to look out of the room with the same facility as before, and there he saw—a close dirty street—a street of a great city, where want and misery hung out their ensigns in the rags stuffed in the broken windows, in the tumble-down houses, and the gutters filled with garbage. Some wretched children were playing about in the midst of the squalor; and, seated upon a door-step, a gray-headed man, meanly clad, but having the delicate features and small white hands of a gentleman, was watching them mournfully.

"See 'em," cried the yellow old spectre; "all my work; mine! his child and his grand-children."

"The poor young fellow's child?" asked our friend with pity.

"His child and his child's children!" was the answer.

"Monster!" exclaimed the law-stationer, as he covered his face with his hands.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the horrid old phantom; and when our friend again removed his hands, the deed had abandoned its human shape, and was lying on the table, and the poor children and their parent had disappeared.

No sooner did Jack feel himself again alone than, strange as it may appear, his old terror returned in all its force; it had merged in the absorbing interest which he had felt in the poor victim's sad history; but it now grew every moment stronger and stronger. He gazed in abject fear at the different articles of the room, one after the other, expecting each instant to see some or all of them assume the same unpleasant signs of vitality.

A short, thick cough startled him, as he was anxiously endeavoring to ascertain whether or not the glass doors of the book-case were opening of their own accord. They had been creaking for a long time. He turned quickly in the direction of the sound, "when he was aware," as the old ballad writers would phrase it, of a florid and bloated spectre, with a girdle of red tape about his waist and a crown or circlet composed of ancient quill pens, who appeared to have sprung, somehow or other, from an immense bundle of papers deposited upon a shelf of the dumb waiter, and endorsed, in great black characters, with the terrible words—

"In Chancery."

If the aspect of the former apparition had been unpleasant, that of this new shape was absolutely loathsome. Plethoric and bloated, with distended cheeks, and a dull watery eye, panting and gasping for breath as if gorged with the blood of his victims, he gave the horror-stricken law-stationer the idea of a gigantic spider, sated with a too plentiful repast of bluebottles, or a boa-constrictor after his light breakfast of blankets.

"My friend has amused you," commenced the spectre, in a voice that seemed to have travelled from the lower parts of his organization, and to have encountered great obstruction on the journey. He did not laugh as the little yellow man had done, but merely grinned a "raw head and bloody bones" sort of grin, that caused our hero's limbs to feel as sore as if he were actually in his grasp.

"My friend is nothing to me," the corpulent shape continued; "nothing whatever to me;" and Jack felt as he gazed at him that it must be so.

"Families I deal with, entire families—crush 'em all—smash 'em up—grind 'em down—that's what I do; don't talk about him—ugh, ugh, ugh."

It was not a cough, nor a laugh, nor a hiss, but a strange combination of all three, that sound with which he concluded his contemp-

tuous reference to his predecessor. His little eyes grew suddenly bloodshot, the tip of his nose assumed an aldermanic purple, and his huge, carnivorous-looking mouth moved and worked with rage and scorn, whilst the saliva ran bubbling out from the corners of his great lips.

Jack shrank into half his size with horror as he contemplated the repulsive object before him.

"Would you like to see 'em—a few of 'em, eh?" asked the spectre, in a fierce whisper.

Our law-stationer was just about to return an emphatic negative, regardless of the indignation which it might possibly call forth, when the walls of the room appeared to open, and the glass doors of the book-case were flung widely apart.

There, from the recesses of the book-shelves; there, from the dark corners of the pigeon-holes; there, from the ledges of the dumb waiter; there, through the window panes; peered forth pale—pale faces, and stretched withered fingers, all pointing to the bloated old spectre. From above and around voices gentle and harsh, male and female, old and young, shrieked and hissed, and wailed, and moaned; and fierce, hateful eyes flashed upon the old enemy. The burden of each voice, and of all, was the same. "*Thou hast done it, thou! thou! thou! We are beggars—beggars by thee!!!*"

The apparition upon whom all this wealth of hatred was lavished, appeared to be perfectly able to endure it, and a dozen times as much if necessary. He merely grinned afresh his horrible grin, and fixed his bleared eyes upon those of the law-stationer.

Suddenly, from among the crowd, but from what exact spot it did not appear, the figure of a man in a rusty black suit; a gaunt, lean, haggard, wasted looking man; a man with wild dark eyes, and a thin wasted face, about which a mass of black hair was tossed and tangled, stopt, or slid, or glided, into the centre of the chamber.

"Hear him!" said the spectre of the Chancery Suit.

"Aye, hear me!" shouted the figure; "chief of his victims, first of his prey, choicest of his morsels; aye, hear me!"

Jack felt, in an instant, that this could be no other than the unfortunate madman of whom he had so often heard, and whose death was said to have taken place in that apartment.

"I was robbed of a fair position, of competency, of love, of happiness," continued the

apparition, pointing his finger at the Chancery Suit, with a look of immeasurable hatred; "torn from life and light, and dragged to a nameless grave, by him. My father left that wretch," again pointing to his enemy, "to my care. He had kept whole generations in the misery of suspended hope and present want—he had paralyzed their efforts, whitened their heads, hurled them into frantic excesses, and sent them prematurely to their graves. The care of him descended to me. I was young, happy, with a fair wife and dear smiling children; but I was drawn into his clutch helplessly. I was hopeful, energetic, speculative; I expended my all to push him to a conclusion; and my *all* went! I grew daily more wretched and poverty-stricken; my children dropped like dead leaves away from my side—dying from starvation!"

Here his voice became a mere sob of anguish. "My poor wife grew gaunt and haggard; her beauty went out like a wasted lamp, and her bones all but forced their way through her skin, for I could but scrape enough together to link on life from day to day. Still we lived on—lived upon the hope of *his* ending!" Again the outstretched finger and the look of bitter hatred. "At last, one day, as I was carrying her in my arms—she was as light almost as a girl of seven; I was carrying her in my arms; it was evening, and the sun was sinking behind the trees, and its last rays of light stole through the foliage and fell upon us. They lighted up my poor wife's face with a rosy hue, such as I had not seen it wear for many and many a day. I heard my name breathed from her lips, gently, very gently—again, and yet again—each time, however, the utterance grew fainter. The sunlight faded away from her face and from the sky—and alas! alas! she had passed away with it!"

The poor husband's voice, which had been growing gradually more and more husky and broken, here sank altogether into a feeble moan as he bowed his head in his hands, his whole frame trembling with emotion. He could speak no more.

"So, you see, he came when he had buried her and he had learnt that the suit was at an end, and he was a ruined man, and he went mad *there*, just where he stands now, went stark, raving, staring mad! As good as a play—ugh! ugh! ugh!"—and the bloated old spectre changed his quiet *fat* grin into a mocking laugh.

Roused all at once with pity for the poor victim; filled with horror at the hideous gle

of the spectre in the presence of so terrible a despair; unwilling to listen to any further disclosures, which might be lurking in the holes and corners of that dreadful chamber, our friend was about to spring from his chair, throw up the window, and leap, at all hazards, into the street, when—he *awoke!* awoke and found it had all been a dream.

It was morning, and the broad sun-rays were streaming downwards through the fine Gothic tracery of the Cathedral and flooding the dusty old room with the welcome daylight.

To Constance.

BY H. A. HEYDON.

Dear Constance! many a winter's snow
Has fallen on your weary way,
Since mid December's chill and gloom
Was ushered in your natal day.

No hum of bees, no song of birds,
No fragrance from the lily's leaves;
Nay, even Autumn's glories waned—
Long gathered were the latest sheaves.

No far off arch of summer's sky
Bent warm with June's delicious blue,
But the low, dark, December clouds,
Their chilling welcomes gave to you.

Fit emblems, were the time and place,
Of the path marked for you to tread;
December's snow beneath your feet,—
December's sky above your head.

But you have climbed life's morning hill,
Have passed the level table-land;
Now, looking towards the setting sun,
The path winds downward where you stand.

To some, the downward path looks dark;
They see it end in Jordan's wave;
But you (thank God!) can see a light
Shine goldenly beyond the grave:

Can see the beckoning angel-hands
Beyond the valley dark and dim;
At times your spirit-ear can catch,
Notes of the everlasting hymn.

There may be here no light for you;
No single hope that will not fail;
No song beginning on your lips,
But ending in a funeral wail.

But still the last dark day *will come*—
Will set behind the western skies,
And the long, calm, unbroken sleep,
Will fold at length your weary eyes.

Oh! when at last December's snow
Falls harmless on your earth-veiled breast,
God grant that you may find in heaven
A June of everlasting rest.

"And the Angel Whispered."

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

The shadowy form of the death-angel glided forth in the quiet gloaming. At a low cottage window sat two, within whose hearts bright hope and love were nestling softly as a fairy dream; and as the silent shadows deepened around them, hand was clasped in hand, spirit communed with spirit, and in their perfect happiness they seemed to breathe another and more blessed atmosphere than that of earth; but with noiseless footsteps the pale messenger stole in and laid his white hand on the maiden's brow, whispering to her that the time had come when she must go with him across the dark stream. Oh, that whisper! The soft love-light in the tender eyes went out; the warm, yielding form became rigid and motionless; the bright life-dream faded; the throbbing heart throbbed more wildly for an instant, and then grew still—forever still; the lover held in his arms a pale stricken flower—a beautiful clay idol. The angel had whispered.

Again the angel wandered forth. 'Twas midnight, solemn midnight. The moon and quiet stars gleamed down, watching the slumbers of the weary earth-pilgrims who had sunk to rest. A low sobbing, inarticulate sound of prayer came borne to him on the chill wings of the autumn wind. He entered the poverty-stricken dwelling from whence it proceeded, and beheld an anxious, pale-faced mother bending over the emaciated form of a little child, whose cries she was endeavoring with all a mother's tenderness to hush. And the angel whispered, and the tear-dimmed eyes closed, the fond clasp relaxed, the tongue was palsied, and even while words of endearment and prayer hung on her lips, the spirit of the mother was borne on that whisper far away through the dark valley into the presence of the King of glory and of that multitude which no man can number. No more she dreaded the cold storms of winter; no more heard the piteous wailings of the little one whom she had so loved, and for whom she had toiled and prayed while others slept. But the God of life was merciful, and He sent His angel to whisper to the baby that it might come too; and the pale messenger whom men call terrible, folded the little lamb tenderly to his bosom, and bore it up and laid it softly in the arms of its mother, who, as she clasped it to her breast with a wild cry of joy, joined in the everlasting anthem, "Worthy the Lamb."

Again the angel wandered forth. An old man sat by a cheerful fire, listening dreamily to the wailing of the cold winter wind. Happy grandchildren were playing about him, and bright visions of the unforgotten past were thronging around, filling his mind with beautiful and cherished images. Again he seems to be a careless boy, wandering over the familiar fields of his childhood's home. Anon he has grown to manhood, and he hears his mother's voice as he goes forth into the world, bidding him farewell in choking accents. And now another and dearer picture rises before him, even the image of his lost wife. He sees her standing by his side in all her maiden loveliness and purity; he hears her repeat in trembling tones, "to love and to cherish till death us do part," and tears fill his clouded eyes as he murmurs, "Mary, I shall be with you soon." Then a shadow swept his forehead, and the angel whispered, and the white head drooped on the chill breast. The old man was gone, and the little children marvel why grandpa is so still, and why he is so white and cold. Poor simple little ones, they know not that it is but clay they are gazing upon, and that dear kind old grandpa is far away, where they never grow old, and where there is no night, "for the Lamb is the light thereof."

ROCHESTER, PA.

What the Face Says.

BY F. L. SARMIENTO.

I.

"Do you believe in physiognomy, Leonore?"

The questioner was a young girl of medium height, with clear gray eyes, and pale though expressive features. The scene was the drawing-room of one of our merchant princes, which was furnished with all the magnificence and luxury that wealth could conjure to gratify its pride or satisfy its longings.

Upon an exquisite mosaic table stood a vase of flowers, which a beautiful girl was occupied in arranging with all the elegance of a refined and cultivated taste. At her side stood a tall and noble looking young man, whose glowing eyes and devoted manner plainly bespoke the lover, while near her was seated the pale-faced, gray-eyed questioner whom we have let wait so long for her answer.

Not so, however, with the beautiful girl appealed to—her nature it was to be impetuous, and her answer came quick and energetic.

"Believe in physiognomy? No, indeed; it is the most absurd of would-be sciences—one in which there is an endless endeavor to prescribe rules, when from the very nature of the human face it is impossible to either class or generalize it. Not long since I read a volume written by a sage doctor, and entitled 'Comparative Physiology.' In it he contends for the most absurd resemblances between human beings and animals. The Prussians, he tells us, resemble cats—the English, bulls—Yankees, bears—and Frenchmen, bull-frogs—while some other nation, but *which*, my memory is at fault, resemble tigers. His book was most amusing, but was, as you must see, simply an exaggerated effort to base a theory upon *nothing*."

"Do you insist, then, cousin mine," pursued the first speaker, "that there are not people in this world who bear a likeness to tigers, cats, bears, &c., both in features and dispositions?"

"By no means; there may be some, surely; but if so, they are the exceptions. There are, I will wager, more people in the world that look like what they are not than those who bear their characters upon their features. If it were not so, no one would be deceived; and we should detect a fox, or a goose, or a wolf, or a bear, at a glance—just as the case might be."

"That arises from not being sufficiently observing. It is not the features that deceive us, it is our wilful blindness."

"No, no, Lottie, you may depend that one can be very different from what their faces say they are—why, I might be a very tigress at heart, but who, I ask, could read it in my eyes? Pshaw! no one would be a whit the wiser."

"You think so?" interposed the young man, almost rebukingly—"You think so, Leonore! I beg leave to differ with you. All feelings—all affections—all unworthy *thoughts*, even, impress themselves with an indelible force upon the features. At first, love, or wilful blindness, as Lottie says, may hide their traces from us, but sooner or later they become visible, to drive from our hearts all thoughts but of disgust."

An indignant "psaw" was upon the beauty's lips, but it was checked by the sudden entrance of her little brother, who demanded some little service of her.

"Sis, wont you please," he began, extending the pieces of some unlucky toy, towards her, but his sentence was cut short by an angry exclamation and fearful frown.

"Don't bother me! You are all the time breaking something or other, you naughty boy!"

The tears welled up into the little fellow's eyes, for it was not the words alone that cut him, but the manner in which they were spoken, and for a moment he stood as though transfixed; then gathering up his broken toy, he cried passionately—

"You're just as snappish as a snapping-turtle, and you just look like one, too!"

A laugh followed this saucy speech, and the fair girl gave a triumphant glance at the young man at her side, as though demanding a contradiction of her brother's rude statement, but her lover stood mute and sad, his eyes bent down. Could it be that his heart echoed, even in the smallest degree, the saucy words of the boy? Could it be that he had marked that angry scowl, that fierce contraction of the features, marring with its demon-like fingers the exquisite beauty of that face? If so, it was but transitory as yet. Love soon threw its spell about him again, and he forgot everything but the speaking eyes, the witching tongue of the lovely, queen-like form beside him. Yet he was doomed to have the scene recalled once more. It was when the gentle, pale-faced Lottie drew the child quietly towards her, and while she reproved him for his rude language to his sister, kindly mended his broken toy. It was done without ostentation, nor did it seem to receive any other reward than the grateful glance of the now tearful boy.

II.

Months had passed away since the little incident recorded above, and winter had come, with its ice and snow, and merry sleigh-bells—its baskets of choice camillas, and routes and balls. Winter, the joy of the rich, the terror of the poor!

Leonore had flirted the summer through. At the sea-side—at the springs—with country friends and in travel, and her lover, so the world, that omniscient personage, said, was as attentive as ever. It was even whispered that they were engaged, and Leonore, although she knew it to be false, favored the rumor, for Carroll Ray was the great catch of the season. Rich, handsome and elegant, both mothers and daughters agreed for once that he was just the man to receive their hearts—and—and—bonnet bills. There was another and deeper reason why Leonore would willingly have had her wealthy lover at her feet. Strange, mysterious whispers had been heard

about their little board. Hard times had come upon the merchant prince. Dangers, as yet misty and undefined, but terrible from that very indistinctness, arose on every side, and although the world knew it not, a few months might see the respected merchant the dishonored bankrupt—the saucy heiress the daughter of a beggar.

In calamity—amidst the dread shipwreck of our fortunes or our hopes, we seek instinctively the face of woman, as our dearest earthly comforter. Her look of gentle hopefulness is our rainbow—our promise of better things to come. It is then that her smile becomes sacred—that what is left of Heaven on earth becomes tangible!

It is so with a woman of proper heart and feeling, but I am sorry to say, such was not the case with Leonore. The anticipated troubles, together with her natural irritability, preyed upon the poor girl's features, and frowns now usurped the place of smiles upon her still fair face.

"Leonore, what does make you look so cross?" her mother would ask, anxiously. In a moment a smile would chase the lowering gloom of her face, and she would deny, and believingly, the impeachment. Another moment, however, would see the same irritable expression return, banishing her beauty as by a fatal spell. Her thoughts were impressing themselves upon her countenance, that tell-tale dial-plate of the soul.

That Carroll Ray perceived this, and with pain, was evident, and day by day his visits became less frequent, until at last Leonore began to tremble lest she had lost him forever, for with time a nobler feeling had entered her heart than mere interest or worldly foresight—she loved him—loved Carroll Ray—not the millionaire, but the man.

There was a magnificent ball. All the *beau monde* were there, including, of course, our heroine. Brilliant lights sparkled; bright eyes flashed; and what with the rich aroma of the flowering exotics and the delightful crash of music, an atmosphere of intoxication seemed to pervade the splendid scene. Leonore, who had been dancing, had withdrawn to the conservatory, where a silvery fountain served to cool somewhat the heated air. She had thrown herself wearily upon a marble bench, when from behind a mass of shrubbery, voices struck upon her ear.

"So Leonore has lost her lover?" asked one.

"Yes, so it seems," was the answer. "Car-

roll Ray is not the man to be captivated by mere beauty. Beside, of late her good looks seem to have diminished considerably. There is an irritated expression on her countenance that detracts, in my eyes, from what was once certainly an unexceptionable face. She has allowed this to grow upon her without her knowledge."

"May there not be other reasons at work upon her lover? Her father, it is said, has been unfortunate of late. Large and reckless speculations have brought him to the verge of ruin. May this not have had something to do with it? Even rats, you know, desert a falling building, and there is no telling but that the father's misfortunes may have had some influence upon even the rich and handsome Carroll Ray."

Leonore heard no more. Tears coursed silently down her cheeks, but with a true nobility that began to evince itself, she spurned the last insinuation of the unknown voice. No, she knew Carroll Ray better than that. Aye, she felt in her heart that if he had deserted her, it was not on account of the loss of her mere worldly riches, but because she had lost with them those true treasures of a woman's heart, patience and gentleness.

III.

The fearful storm had burst at last. The aged merchant had seen his baseless riches crumble before misfortune's fatal breath, leaving scarce a wreck behind. Leonore had had to quit her elegant mansion, to give up her equipage, her flowers and music, and take up her residence in an humble by-street—she, the haughty and once flattered beauty! She had seen her old friends pass her by unnoticed; she had had them "cut her dead" in the street; she had seen them lounging in their grand carriages, regardless of the weary foot-passenger, once their companion and friend.

It was a severe ordeal, but from it she had arisen pure and chastened. The lesson taught by the unknown voices in the conservatory on the night of the ball, had taken firm root, and by doing her duty, and doing it cheerfully, she sought to restore her lost beauty, or at least prune from her heart all unworthy thoughts and feelings. That this was at first no easy task, may be readily understood, but with each successive effort, it became easier. Beside, misfortune is always more terrible in anticipation than in reality. The one is our own creation, and we lack the power to comfort ourselves, but the other comes from

God, and bears with it the mitigants of suffering.

Leonore, then, became, much sooner than might have been expected, quite content with her changed circumstances, while her poor old gray-haired sire found at last the treasure in his daughter that his fond fears had despaired of ever finding. Her mother, too, was surprised and delighted at perceiving the wonderful and happy change that had come over her, while her little brother no longer discovered any likeness in his own loved sister to a snapping turtle. She was happier, too. She could not hide it from her own heart that she was happier and better than she had ever been. That profitable occupation had much to do with this is certain, for the many hours that had been frittered away in fashionable dissipation, were now passed in kindly visits of comfort and humble aid to those who were more needy even than themselves; for a closer contact with poverty, directed by the dexter-finger of her own wants, had opened a new path of duty to her—one which she performed cheerfully. It was undeniable that a certain, hitherto unknown beauty, was assuming a place upon her features—the beauty of the dutiful daughter, the patient sister, the noble woman, and one that promised to be much more attractive than the lurid beauty of the dashing and fashionable heiress. There was one, too, who perceived this; it was Carroll Ray, who, of all her old admirers, was the only one to visit them as usual. Understand, his visits were not more frequent at first than they had been during the latter part of their sojourn in their more splendid West-End mansion, for he seemed totally oblivious of his friends' altered circumstances, and came and went as usual. No one could say he was more attentive to Leonore, but had one observed him closely, one must have perceived that he was more watchful. Thus things were quietly progressing.

One summer's day, just as sweet, dreamy twilight was throwing its soft veil about the surrounding houses, a little group was formed in the small parlor of our friends that was at once pleasing and instructive. The fair Leonore was seated on the floor near the window, busily engaged in mending some toy which her little brother had broken in some mad gambol. Nearly a year had passed since we had beheld her with the ugly, deforming frown upon her fair face—since we had heard the angry and rude exclamation of the passionate boy. How different now! Now she sits

straining her bright eyes in the darkening twilight, a cheerful and noble beauty in her features, while her grateful little brother leans caressingly over her shoulder, whispering words of love and thankfulness into her ears.

But a larger shadow falls by her side—a step has approached noiselessly, and a loving face looks down upon the beautiful girl. Another form is kneeling beside her; other lips are pressing that patient hand; other words than those of a brother are poured into her ear, for Carroll Ray, the loved and loving, is at her side.

No need is there to describe the bliss of that moment, much less to repeat the words spoken; suffice to say, then, and that without disclosing the secrets of two loving hearts, that when Leonore threw herself into the arms of her future husband, she felt that if she *had* lost him, it would have been from the fact that the face is the dial-plate of the soul, and that there was more in physiognomy than she had thought.

SOMEWHAT OF

The Story of Edna Randolph.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

She, Edna Randolph, opened the door and looked out. It was a cold, chill, bloodless, askew-faced day. Clouds of a pallid, white gray were drawn thick and tight over the sky. Patches of snow lay in the hollows by the roadside, and on the hills, like breadths of soiled flannel which the winds had torn and the rains had rotted. Certainly there was not much in this day—drooping, baffled, haggard—to give to any soul who went to it for strength, healing, sympathy; and this girl had come to it for help; and her soul out of some dumb want, yearning, hunger, made its appeal, and there was no answer. She was naturally of a restless, nervous habit, never sitting long at one sort of work, or in one position; of sudden, rapid movements, liking change of physiognomy in her surroundings, and fond of walking in different rooms during the day, and among the long halls where you would be certain to find her, generally with a sweet, bright contentment in her face, like one who communed with pleasant thoughts. And a pleasant soul had this girl or woman, just on the borders of her twenty-fourth winter, of whom I am now to tell you; a soul gracious, tender, womanly; with a fineness of quality, and depth of nature, which are bestowed on few, either of men or women.

But now, looking on the day, this face of Edna Randolph was not bright. The vague sadness at the core of her life, that morning, which had startled her so suddenly from her embroidery, grew deeper and wider, as the mist grew upon the distant hills. She shivered, looking off to these, and the tears came large and slow into her eyes.

If you had asked her what caused them, she could not have told you, and would probably have fancied it was out of some sympathy with the day, which seemed to her clothed in its sackcloth of clouds, and grieving for its lost sunshine. But Edna Randolph was mistaken here; her tears had some deeper foundation than the day. There she stood in the wide, old-fashioned front door, a woman hardly of middle size, somewhat too slender, with a fair, oval face, all the features finely cut; yet so pale as to give one an impression of delicacy. She was not handsome; there was not bloom nor warmth enough about her for that. She had eyes of a deep amethyst, and a mouth tender, sweet, and which, though

Sing to Me.

BY MRS. J. F. CULVER.

Sing to me some olden song,
Very sweet and low,
Something that my heart hath loved
Years and years ago,
It will bring from out the Past
Pleasant dreams, I know.

Sing to me; the winter night
Broodeth dark and still—
O'er the meadows void of bloom,
And the lonesome hill,
Where the drifted snow-wreaths lie
Ghostly white and chill.

Sing to me; the winter wind,
Shrieking fierce and high,
Hath a low, sad undertone,
Like a human sigh,
And my heart is filled with tears
When it moaneth by.

Sing to me; and sweet-voiced June,
Like a splendid queen,
From her lonely grave shall rise,
Beautiful, serene,
Bringing blossoms fresh and bright
For the meadows green.

Sing to me, as once you sang,
When our hearts were gay,
When we lingered in the fields,
Gathering lilies gay,
And the hills were golden-crowned
All the summer day.

closed now, in that sort of grieved way which reminded you of a little child's, had in it all possibilities of smiles.

Looking at her in some hours of her life, people had called Edna Randolph beautiful, but they were not hours like this.

She was an only daughter, and her father was a farmer in the old town of Woodleaf; a man of the sturdy, old-fashioned New England type; shrewd, industrious, intelligent; a kindly, hospitable, strongly opinionated old man, who had made his own money, and prided himself on it, and who had settled himself in the midst of his broad wheat fields and goodly orchards to enjoy a ripe, hearty, cheerful old age.

Edna's mother had died three years before, and the girl had had that inestimable blessing, the counsel and example of a true, noble, Christian mother. Her fine qualities came from this side; but there was added to these somewhat of her father's shrewd, sterling sense, and his strong, sound, practical way of judging men and things. Edna had one brother, two years her senior; a brave, tender, manly nature as hers was womanly. He had just finished his professional studies, for the farmer was a broad-minded, liberal-souled man, and had spared no expense in the education of his children. His son had gone to Yale; his daughter had had the finest advantages which a thorough boarding-school course could afford.

Edna was not an ornamental scholar. She could appreciate fine music, but she would never have excelled in its execution. She did not waste her time in pretty paintings, in a taste of German, and Italian, and French, but whatever she studied, that she studied not for the show, but for the love of it. So at the end of the course she was what so few of her sex are, a fine, well disciplined scholar, a sincere lover of good books; her heart had kept pace with her intellect; the sweet, tender, womanly sympathies, the quick enthusiasm had been strengthened instead of chilled by these years of study. So, on this morning in January, this girl, whose spiritual lineaments I have tried feebly to paint for you, came out on the deep veranda which crossed the whole front of the wide, ample homestead of farmer Randolph—a broad, pleasant veranda, sheltering one from sun and rain, and Edna's favorite promenade.

Edna's life was, on the whole, a very happy one in the old farm homestead. She was her father's pet and idol; spent her time between

her books, and care for his comfort, for she devoted several hours of each day to reading and chatting with him; and a niece of his, a childless widow much Edna's senior, had taken Mrs. Randolph's position in the household, thus relieving the girl from all domestic cares.

But there were times when the soul of Edna Randolph rose up and protested against this sluggish life, this life which sometimes seemed to her of one dead tone, wanting in warmth and color, in purpose, activity, in something to enrich and exalt it. It was not singular, Edna Randolph had a bright, strong, active spirit, which needed some object, idea, purpose to concentrate and absorb it.

Woodleaf was an old town in the western part of the state, half a dozen miles from any depot; and its two centuries gave it a venerable and picturesque air, as it sat in the midst of its charming scenery, reminding one of some old English village, wanting only the hawthorn hedges and ivy. And the old town slept quiet and stately amid all the rush and progress of the age, keeping the stately, social forms of a bye-gone period, and retaining the old habits of thinking and doing.

Edna Randolph was not of the material of which fashionable ladies are made. She did not crave the gayety and excitement of the city, and she loved that quiet old home among the hills better than any place on earth; and yet it was a necessity of this bright, strong, womanly nature, that it should sometimes repine at its monotonous life; that books should sometimes weary it; and that all the possibilities of tenderness, sacrifice, achievement, which slept unfolded within it, should have stirred themselves into a vague hunger, and yearning, and impatience. And just now these feelings had made their voice heard with an unusual imperiousness. Edna was exceedingly susceptible to elemental influences, and now the sense of gloom and loss in her soul seemed to respond to the gloom and loss of the day.

These seasons were very unusual with Edna Randolph. She was of too healthful a nature, too well poised, and too much inclined to look at the bright side of things, to often yield to feelings like those which at present possessed her.

She walked up and down the veranda, regardless of the cold chill in the atmosphere, and finding some relief in the mere physical movement. And suddenly a couple of young men on horseback spurred around the sharp

curve of the road, and rode directly in front of the house. They both looked up with curiosity at the rapid, graceful figure on the veranda.

The exercise had kindled a glow in Edna's cheeks. She wore a morning dress of some dark, bright woollen, while a frill of lace made a small white surf about her neck, a delicate, picturesque, graceful figure, cut against the gloomy sky.

The young men turned and smiled in each other's faces.

"I know who that lady is!" said one of them.

"Let's see whether you do, old fellow?"

"The lady is your sister, Miss Edna Randolph."

"Yes, that is Edna," glancing up again with eyes full of fondness and pride at the swift figure.

Then the two gentlemen spurred their horses. "Edna," called one of these. The girl started, turned about with a face full of sudden bewilderment, then the roses blossomed out wide and bright in it, the eyes leaped into gladness and tenderness, and to all who might then and there behold, the latent beauty of the face of Edna Randolph was disclosed.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" and she put out her arms.

The young man was off his horse in a moment, and Edna was drawn into her brother's arms, and kissed on forehead and lips with a fervor which showed what this brother and sister were to each other.

Then, as the stranger alighted, Paul Randolph introduced him to his sister. His name was not strange, although his face was to Edna, for Philip Denison had been the classmate and dearest friend of her brother. He was the son of a Georgia planter, and the young men were physically a perfect antithesis to each other. The northern student was fair, with brown clustering curls of hair, and dark blue eyes, with a fine, frank, intelligent, thoughtful face; a figure of medium size, which a boyhood of much out-door life and exercise had developed into muscular force and elasticity. The southerner was of the same height, but somewhat slighter built; a dark face, handsomer than his friend's, with a frank smile and a fascinating manner; highly cultivated in every respect; impetuous, generous, of quick, sensuous temperament, easily roused to indignation, easily stirred into generous and heroic sentiment; such was

the character of Philip Denison, the friend of Paul Randolph.

And some tie, deeper than the ordinary associations of college life, drew these young men together; for Paul had once been in deadly peril, and his friend had rescued him at the risk of his own life. A party of classmates had gone out one afternoon for a sail. They started with a brisk wind, which gradually grew into a gale. The two small boats were out on the Sound some distance from any land, except a small island, which their only safety depended on their making. Paul was in the smaller boat, and his classmates resigned the management of the little craft to him.

Had he been a less skilful steersman, they must inevitably have foundered. The waves fought and tore themselves into foam about them, lifting up their arms, and clutching and roaring like wild beasts for their prey, and washing the little crew with their salt agony, as they retired cheated and baffled, and then came thundering back in mighty squadrons, rushing at the little boat, which bent and fluttered and rose, and lived on in the midst of that terrible sea. But just as Paul Randolph rose to give some order, she suddenly lurched on the side where he stood, with such force as nearly to upset her, and when she righted once more Paul was overboard.

His terrified classmates saw him rise and strike out boldly for them, and he had nearly reached the larger boat to which the waves carried him, when she too, lurching on one side, struck him a terrible blow, which took away his breath and his strength. There was no use struggling longer against those fearful waves. Paul Randolph was going down.

Then, Philip Denison, who had watched his friend in white solicitude for his safety, with that generous impulsiveness which was a part of his nature, sprang into the sea, caught his friend as he was going down, and they put out together for the island, Paul feebly, and half supported by his classmate. It was a terrible struggle, but they reached the land at last.

"You have saved my life, Philip," gasped Paul, and then he fell senseless upon the wet beach.

The boats, with their half drowned crew, made the shore at last; not a soul was lost. Paul Randolph was restored after awhile. He was not a man ever to forget that his friend had risked his life for him; and so it

came to pass that these two, the southerner and the northerner, loved each other like brothers.

The gentlemen and the lady went together into the house. Of course Edna did not meet this friend and classmate of her brother, the preserver of his life, with the ordinary courtesy which she would have extended to a stranger. She had heard so frequently of him for years—his name was so familiar, and linked with so sacred a debt of gratitude under their roof, that it seemed to her she could find no words in which fitly to embody her welcome to their new guest; but the sweet eyes bore witness for her, as lifting them to Philip Denison's face, she said—

"You are welcome, sir, to our home—welcome as no other friend in the world would be, for Paul's sake."

So, a new warmth and color spread themselves over the gray tints of the life of Edna Randolph. She walked no more alone on the veranda when the storms were abroad, and the fogs unfurled their gray tents on the hills. The young men made, of course, new life in the house. Edna was never lonely where Paul was, and there was always some little enterprise on hand, or some new topic of conversation to interest and amuse her. She could not now tell which she enjoyed most, the sunny days or the stormy ones; the days in which they had sleigh rides, or went, after the sunshine had loosened the swaddling bands of snow, into the forest searching for green and gray lichens, and mosses, and swamp berries; or the evenings when they all gathered about the glowing wood fires, for the farmer, although his house and lands bore witness to the readiness with which he embraced most improvements of the age, was inflexible in regard to stoves and furnaces, and here Edna cordially sympathized with her father's preferences. She loved the great, picturesque, glowing tents of flame in the large fireplaces, and the rich glow with which they filled the rooms; and so around these great fireplaces there sat three young faces now, full of youth, manliness, earnestness, or the grace and sweetness of womanhood; and that elder face, full of the nameless attraction of a good and honorable old age. The talk in these evenings was a pleasant thing to listen to. It glanced on all topics, in its bright, desultory way; and it was a banquet at which Edna sat, and her soul feasted.

The young students were both men of no ordinary culture, and though widely unlike

in temperament and character; they harmonized wonderfully in their views on most of the wide range of topics which came under their discussion.

Edna used to watch her father at these times; the silver hairs shining like sea foam about his face; his look of pleased, absorbed attention, as he sat there opening and shutting his eyes, or turning them from his son to his friend, as one or the other took up the conversation.

There was, however, one topic which was at first mutually ignored. That winter, only two years ago, the cloud which so long had spread murky and threatening along the edges of our political horizon, had now risen over the land until all the people heard the thunderings and the lightnings thereof. We all know how that winter passed in vague doubt and dread, and fearful glances to the future; how promptness, decision, energy, were most wanting where most they were needed; what confusion, and rage, and threatening filled the councils of our nation; and how true hearts all over the land asked themselves, "What shall the end of these things be?" And the answer was that one appalling thing from which God has not delivered us.

The old farmer had first seen the light in that quiet which followed the Revolution. His father had suffered, his mother had toiled and endured as the men and women of the Revolution did fight and toil for their country, through that long seven years of anguish and sacrifice for her deliverance. And the farmer's boyhood had opened in a social and moral atmosphere, where love to one's country was held next to one's love of God. His native land—her government, her liberties, her prosperity, were dearer to him than his life; and whatever forces struck at these, struck of course to the very heart and quick of the old man's life. The love of his country was a part of his nature, ingrained into his very life; and it is needless to add with what feelings he would receive the barest suggestion of a disruption of that Union which his fathers had bought with their blood, or of the dishonor of that flag whose stars had shone over his childhood, and which had been about his whole life a shield of protection, honor and glory, and under which he fondly hoped to die.

Philip Denison, the young Georgian, was southern in his opinions, tastes, and habits; he was of impetuous, fiery nature, quick to take offence, and therefore to give it, when any feature of domestic, social, or political

life at the South was disapproved. Still he had been for several years a resident of the North, and his natural kindliness of heart, and a wide acquaintance in, and knowledge of New England, had somewhat disciplined his vehement nature.

The state of the country in that February of eighteen hundred and sixty-one, was certainly an inflammable subject for the old New England farmer and the young Georgian to venture on; but they did at last, not suspecting what widely different views the discussion would disclose, for Philip Denison was not at that time an advocate of a disruption of the Union.

The whole company at first joined in the talk, but Paul, who knew his friend's real sentiments, soon attempted to change the current of conversation. It was too late, however, to arrest it; even Edna was not able to do this, though she brought her woman's tact to the rescue as soon as she discovered the real position of her guest, and had recovered from the consequent astonishment and pain which the knowledge cost her. She knew well enough her father's convictions, and how deeply they had taken root in his soul, and that when his feelings were aroused he would not be held back from speaking all that was in his heart to any man.

The conversation grew warm on both sides: in vain Paul and Edna interposed; the old man would not cease the discussion. The farmer grew indignant, the guest fiery. Hot words at last passed between them; the former forgot his guest, the southerner his host, and thoroughly angered at last, each said to the other some words which, under other circumstances, would have been impossible, and then separated.

"Father," pleaded Edna, when her brother and his classmate were gone, "remember he saved Paul's life once."

"I know it child, but those abominable doctrines—abominable—if he was my own son, I'd rather see him in his grave than hold them!" and the old man shook his gray head.

And then, Edna went to their guest, whom Paul had failed to appease. I do not presume there would seem very much force or argument in what she said, if I should write it here; but she said it in her woman's soft, persuasive way, betwixt smiles and great tears standing still in her eyes, and Philip's proud spirit yielded to these. There were some concessions made on both sides; and so,

the wound was healed, and the sore topic religiously avoided after this on all sides.

That Philip Denison and Edna Randolph were pleased with, interested in each other, nobody who knew them both could have doubted.

The southerner was a brilliant, fascinating talker, with a fine vein of poetry in his character, and he and Edna were thrown constantly together during these last days of the winter.

The girl loved to listen to her guest's animated, picturesque talk; she responded with all the fervor of her deep, fine nature to much that was honorable, heroic, and lovely in the character of Philip Denison; her imagination, her womanly reverence and tenderness, did them homage. And so, it came to pass one day that Edna Randolph sat before a revolving stereoscope, which had been her father's gift the previous New Year, and Philip Denison stood on one side, adjusting the pictures in the case; Edna had become quite absorbed in a view of the Pyramids. The huge, dumb monuments, the still, lonely plains, the steel-blue sky, had all entranced her, and she sat motionless, holding her breath, with fascinated eyes on the strange, sombre, wonderful picture. At last, with a long sigh, and a little half apologetic smile for her silence, she drew up her head. Philip Denison had taken a chair by her side, and sat watching her, and waiting.

"What a strange, subtle, mysterious attraction there is about this ancient land of Egypt!" said the lady.

"Yes; but Miss Edna, it is not of that ancient land, but of the new and present one, that I want to talk with you now; a talk, too, that must be our last alone, for to-morrow I depart from Woodleaf."

Surprise, pain, mastered the lady's face.

"I thought—I thought you would wait until Paul left next week," she said.

"I wish I could; but my uncle, from Georgia, will be in the city to-morrow night, and I must meet him there. I am sorry to go."

"I am sorry to have you," responded sweet, and sad, and steady, the voice of the lady.

"But, Miss Edna, my regret is not of that ordinary kind which I should experience on leaving a pleasant home where I had been entertained with most kindly and gracious hospitality, and enjoyed the society of a fair and charming hostess. I am going away with a regret such as I never experienced before, which takes hold of the quick and centre of my life."

She knew what was coming then; she sat very still, only her loud heart seemed to choke her.

And Philip Denison sat still a moment, and then he said—

"Edna, you know what I mean?"

She, this woman of whom I write, was above any affectations and pretty sophistries of word or deed at such a time; she said, softly—

"Yes."

"And do you love me?"

"I don't know—I think probable—I am afraid I do," in a rapid, stammering way; just as the thought was in her heart, so it came to her lips.

"Afraid, Edna!" and now he leaned over to her side.

"You know," she said, "there is a great barrier betwixt us."

"Edna, is that all?" he asked.

"Yes—all," she answered.

"Our hearts can surmount that," answered Philip Denison, speaking with a glad triumph out of the joy of his heart.

The lady shook her head.

"I am afraid," she said again. "They might once have done this, but now things seem drifting towards a point which will render it necessary for every man to take his stand deliberately, absolutely on one side or the other; and you, Philip, in tastes, habits, life—everything, are a southerner, as I am a northerner."

"And do I love you the less for that?" he said, with a quick reproach in his tones.

"Perhaps not, Philip; and yet if it should come, as so many fear, as God forbid, to civil war, where will you be?"

"Edna! why should we talk of these things—why should they enter into our love! Are we not both Unionists?"

"You call yourself that, Philip—forgive me; you are not a man to use words which do not mean facts, you are one now, and for me; I love the North, I love the South, for both are my country," and her face outsprang into that radiance which in moments of great fervor and exaltation was given it, to interpret her soul, "and I love better than my own life, or anything it could offer me, that old, dear flag for which my fathers suffered and died. That cluster of stars are the sign and witness to me of the freedom, the religion, the honor, the glory, the beauty of my fatherland; under its blessed folds my eyes first saw the light; it has held—God bless it! its strong and tender guardianship about all my life; I have never

known a joy or a comfort except beyond it, and that I did not in some way owe to it; and I love it, Philip, with a love which embraces all the gratitude, all the heroism, all that is fine and sweet and tender in association, with all that is best and truest in me."

He looked at her in mingled admiration and tenderness. He was of soul fine enough to understand, and spirit of sacrifice and patriotism. Her enthusiasm magnetized him.

"So do I love the old flag," he answered.

"But, alas! not so well as you love a part of it, I fear. If your own state should set herself in deadly strife against it, where would you be found? I believe I should still remain in heart and sentiment a Unionist," answered Philip Denison, but the fine, quick intuition of the woman detected some want of fervor in his tones.

"You believe—ah, Philip, I could not trust you!" and she sat down, bursting into passionate tears, and even Philip Denison did not suspect what anguish there was in them.

He tried to comfort her; he told her she had lived there alone with her old father, and listened to his talk, until she was almost beside herself on this subject; and with strong, sweet, persuasive eloquence, he besought her not to let this matter blight the lives of both, to give him some word or token which he could carry with him out into the world whither he was going. And partly persuaded, and only partly—for it was an inevitable necessity of this girl's truth and honesty, that she must look all facts straight in the face, and could not turn aside from them and deceive her soul—she looked up in his face and smiled a sweet smile, a tender one, but full of doubt and sadness.

"And do you love me well enough to be my wife, oh, Edna?"

"I could Philip, if—"

"There, now, not another word of that. I'm not going to have any 'if' in the matter. None shall stand in our way."

But he could not move her into completing her sentence otherwise, and so, he said it should stand so. He was full of hope and ardor himself, which hardly communicated itself in any degree to Edna, yet she could not find it in her heart to darken the hope for this man whom she loved, and who would be her lover. And in a little while Paul and her father came in, and the conversation went on widely different topics from the one which had engrossed Philip and Edna for an hour. Afterwards, they had only time for a short walk.

At the lady's urgent entreaty, it was agreed that nothing at that time should be communicated to her father or brother, but Philip was to return South, and in the autumn he anticipated making another visit to Woodleaf; and then he should solicit of the father what he had of the daughter. Meanwhile they would write to each other.

And so they separated; and Philip Denison went away with his heart full of love, and hope, and triumph; and Edna, she went to her own room, and looked off to no warm, bright perspective of her future, it was full of clouds, and gloom, and fear.

The clouds seemed to gather lower and darker over the land, and the man of her love—where would he be when the hour of trial came! But her face carried its old smile before her father, and he and Paul little guessed the ache of the heart beneath it. Poor Edna.

We all know what followed in a little while; the attack on Fort Sumter, the rush of the nation to arms.

When the call for volunteers first reached him, Paul Randolph waited—waited several months for his father's and his sister's sake, before he spoke; and at last he said to them as they sat together one evening in the late summer—

"Father—Edna, if it were not for you I should go to the help of my country now; but it is not in my heart to do this against your will, and if you tell me to stay I shall do it."

And they did not say it, and Paul Randolph went, three weeks later, the captain of a Woodleaf company, and the blessings and prayers of his father and his sister followed him.

Six months passed. It was the opening of March, a night of wind and snow, and the "wild white bees of winter" were swarming thick in the air, driven to and fro by the fierce gusts which swept over the hills into the valley, where lay the home of Farmer Randolph. The lights and the evening papers had just been placed on the table, for the evening mail had just arrived an hour before, and Edna and her father came in from supper, for it was now her usual time to read to the old man for an hour. She tore away the wrappers with her quick fingers a little nervously, for the thought of Paul was always, if possible, closer to her heart at this time.

"Is there any news from the war, my daughter?"

"Yes," running her eyes over the damp columns, "there has been a terrible battle, and we have taken Fort Donelson; and then, with a chill at her heart she turned towards the list of the "wounded and killed."

"Oh, Father!" the paper fell from her hands, and the face of Edna Randolph was like the snow which blanketed the earth outside.

She had seen Paul's name there, "dangerously wounded!" Poor Edna! Even in that hour of awful calamity she did not forget her father. There was no need after that sudden cry that she should tell him. He knew all. But with her white, working face she crept towards him, and put her arms about his neck.

"Is he dead?" came in a husky whisper from the old man's ashen lips.

"No; but dangerously wounded."

And then the old man's anguish leaped out from his heart to his lips, as David the king's did—

"Oh, Paul, oh, my son, my pride, my first born!"

Two days they waited; then the tidings came; there was no more fear, no more waiting now. Paul Randolph was dead! A month went by, oh, hearts stricken like theirs throughout the land, you can best tell how, and again Edna and her father sat together. They did not leave each other often now; and for his sake the girl kept down her own anguish, and told the broken-hearted old man, that after all, there was much of comfort and blessing in this death of Paul; that he had laid down his young, brave, heroic life for his country's sake; and that his name, too, was among the dead—the noble, the honorable, the glorious dead!

And the old man's lips would search for a faint smile, and he would say, "Bless you, my daughter," in tones which did Edna's broken heart good. They had not brought in the lights that night; she had waved them back from the door, for the full moon was looking in at the windows and spilling over the room its streams of silver, and filling it with its white, solemn radiance. Edna and her father sat there for an hour, it might be, in utter silence. Then she went up to her father and put her arms around his neck in the old way, and there was a mute appeal in the movement.

"What is it, my daughter?"

"Father," she said, "I am tired of this life; of this slow, inactive, wearing life, with

its leaden hours, and its great loss and grief eating into my soul. I want to do some work, to render some service for my country. Surely God has not appointed me to sit down with folded hands in the sackcloth and ashes of my desolation. I must work or I shall die. Father, let me go to the hospitals at Washington, and do what I can there for my sick and wounded countrymen!"

And her father answered—

"You shall go, my daughter, but not alone. I cannot stay here in the old house without either of my children. I will go with you, to watch over and shelter you as only a father can."

And Edna's soft, warm hand dropped amid her father's hair, white as the snows of the lost winter.

"I felt you would say that," she said, "and I felt, too, it would be better for both of us."

So the father and daughter went away, and the pleasant house at Woodleaf was left silent and deserted.

Three months have passed. The June sunshine looks into the long rows of windows, and the winds which have the musky fragrance of the summer, wander softly over the long rows of beds, upon which lay the sick, the wounded, and the dying. And over the beds, and moving softly in their midst, were the tender, pitying faces, the soothing ministering hands of women—women to whom those dim eyes and pallid faces looked up, as the eyes of little children look up to the faces of their mothers. And here Edna Randolph had come, and here she had worked faithfully; faithfully by night and by day.

She had bathed many a face flushed with hot fever until the sick man, with the fire in his brain, and the race in his pulse, babbled of mountain snows, and the plash of cool streams by his own door; and her sweet smile, her soft, pitying voice had cheered and comforted the heart of many a sick soldier, and the hand of the dying had grown cold in her grasp, and she had caught the last faint whisper of those who would never speak in this world again. But this June morning the nurses were more busy than usual, for many fresh invalids had been received the night before; and Edna was passing to her appointed service, when a low groan from a couch close at hand on her right, suddenly attracted her attention.

She turned; a sharp, white face lay there, with closed eyes and ashen lips pressed tightly together—the face of a young man, a

fine, intelligent, forcible face, which anywhere must have attracted you. But with the first glance the heart of Edna Randolph sprang, until it fairly choked her, and she staggered back, gasping and faint. But the next she leaned forward, and the dying man suddenly opened his eyes. They met hers.

"Edna!"

"Philip!"

So they met, these two, who parted more than friends, nearly a year and a half before. She had heard from Philip Denison only a few times after he had left Woodleaf, and his letters were the manly, tender, ardent letters of a man to the one woman he loved best on earth. Then he had returned to his home, the mails had stopped, and Edna had learned no more, only she feared. The young southerner put out his hand, and she took it in both of hers, and her living face was white as his dying one.

"Oh, Philip, to meet you here, and so!" she said.

He looked at her, the words struggled up to his lips—

"Where is Paul?"

"In Heaven, we humbly trust," answered Edna Randolph.

And Philip Denison groaned, and wrenched his hand from hers, and covered his face. A new fear shook Edna from head to foot.

"Oh, Philip, say it was not you—say it was not you!" she cried.

"It was I, Edna. We met foes on the battle field. I did not know him until I had struck the blow and seen him fall, and then I was borne away by the rush of men, and I could not learn whether he was wounded or dead. I, who would have died in his stead, and once risked my life to save his."

And having made his confession, Philip Denison looked up in her face. Poor Edna! But she had not left his bedside; she was standing there still; something in her face made him to say—

"Edna, can you forgive me?"

And in a moment she answered—

"I forgive you, as Paul would."

A smile struggled out on Philip Denison's face. He sought for her hand—

"Oh, Edna, I can die in peace, now."

She bent down and kissed the cold forehead.

"Edna," he whispered, "I have loved you through it all."

"I knew you did, Philip, because I did you."

She slipped her arm under his head—

"Is there no hope for you, Philip?"

"None; the ball struck me two days ago, near my heart."

The words came husky and difficult. The dying soldier's eyes grew dim. She bent nearer to him. He looked up in her face, and the old smile of Philip Denison struggled out on his lips—

"Oh, Edna, I thank God that He sent you here to let me die looking on your face, just as though you were my very own wife."

And Edna thanked God then, out of all the aching and anguish of her heart. His face was falling into the cold and calmness of death. His lips moved. She put down her wet cheek a little closer to his lips, and the last prayer of Philip Denison was breathed into her ear. It was, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and with that most fitting prayer, the soul of Philip Denison went out—Edna hoped into the warmth and welcome of the home where there shall be "no more war."

April.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A faint, soft breath from low hung skies—

As if it swept o'er flowers;

A languid sweetness running through

The long day's dreamy hours;

The violet haze upon the hills

Drops on the leafless trees,

And in the west the setting moon

Is drowned in purple seas.

A sweet, green prescience clothes the fields;

And in the bosky dells—

The violet and forget-me-not,

Unclose their azure bells;

The streams, released from icy chains,

Down the grim highlands flow—

And the great river's troubled breast

Is white with foamy snow.

The fruit trees droop with crimson buds,—

A prophecy of bloom;

The crocus and the daffodil

The garden beds illumine;

The pale arbutus springs to life,

And lifts its starry eyes;

In quiet forest paths, and haunts,

Where mellow sunshine lies.

Anon, upon the crystal air,

Rings out the robin's note;

And from the tall elm, by the gate,

The bluebird's warblings float;

The lambs bleat on the pasture hills,

And frolic at their play—

And all the earth is holding breath

To hear the step of May.

Kings and Queens of England.

HENRY V.

Henry the Fifth was crowned April 9, 1413.

In his youth he had been thoughtless and unsteady, which was a source of great trouble to his father; but immediately after his father's death, he reformed his life and manners, and commanded his former associates not to appear in his presence till they had abandoned their dissolute course, and had become good members of society. The whole nation testified their joy when he came to the throne, as he had given many proofs of a noble and generous mind, and they all had great hopes of his thorough reformation, for in his wildest excesses he had evinced a good and feeling heart. He possessed in an eminent degree those qualities which were calculated to make him a favorite with the people. His appearance was prepossessing, he was tall and slender, his hair dark and curly, and his features handsome.

He chose for his counsellors men of known ability and reputation; he appointed judges of unimpeachable integrity, and extended the same care to the choice of inferior magistrates. Knowing that he was popular with the people, and fearing no rival, he set at liberty Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, who had been kept in confinement during the whole of his father's reign. Mortimer showed his gratitude by being of great service to Henry. Many of the nobles who had been banished were recalled, and restored to their honors and to their estates. The nation were pleased with his conduct, which fully justified the good opinion they had previously formed of him, except the followers of Wickliffe, whom Henry permitted to be persecuted with a cruel severity; in which he was probably actuated by a mistaken zeal for what he considered the true religion. The doctrines of Wickliffe had spread to such an extent that the clergy became alarmed for their temporal interests; and as the piety of the times had degenerated into superstition and cruelty, they induced Henry to enact rigorous laws against those who professed a belief in them. Many fell martyrs to the cause of truth, of which one of the most distinguished was Sir John Oldcastle, Baron of Cobham, who was a member of the king's household, and stood high in his favor. Henry's exertions to save him were of no avail; but after he was sentenced he found means to escape, though in four years he was

taken and executed in the most barbarous manner the cruelty of man could invent. The greatest crime could not have required so dreadful a punishment as this nobleman was made to suffer, for using his own judgment in matters of religion, instead of being guided by the authority and creeds of the church.

Henry wishing to divert the minds of the people from such cruel scenes, and to find some employment for the restless activity of the English, determined to take advantage of the troubles in which France was at that time involved, and to revive the claim to the crown of that kingdom, which had been urged by Edward the Third. Charles the Sixth was at that time king of France; his insanity rendered him passive in every transaction of the government, and the whole kingdom was under the rule of injustice and treachery, such as had not before been known.

Henry invaded the country with an army of forty thousand; but lost three-fourths of them from sickness in a short time, and was obliged to give battle to a force four times larger than his own. On hearing some of his officers say they wished all the brave men in England were there to help them, Henry said, "I would not have one more here; if we are defeated we are too many; but if it please God to give us the victory, the smaller our numbers, the greater our glory." He then represented to them that victories depended not on numbers, but on bravery; and above all on the assistance of God, in whom he admonished them to place all their confidence and hope.

The French were confident of success, and proud of their own strength, and in their rashness were defeated.

It might be difficult to prove that the justice of Henry's cause could merit a particular interposition of Providence; but his piety ascribed all his success to the goodness of God. He had the humility to acknowledge that he had not obtained the victory by the superiority of his merit, but because the Almighty was pleased to make him His instrument in punishing the excesses and sins of the French nation.

Henry, by conquest and negotiation, caused himself to be elected heir to the crown of France. He was to marry the princess Catharine, and be intrusted with the administration of the government; but king Charles was to enjoy the title and dignity for life. Henry had the title of Regent, and his heirs were to reign instead of the dauphin, Catharine's brother. He died, about two years after his

marriage, August 31, 1422, at the age of thirty-three, and in the tenth year of his reign. Before his death he appointed Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, to be the guardian and protector of his infant son. His brother John, Duke of Bedford, he made Regent of France; and his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Regent of England. They were all men of ability and integrity. The reign of Henry the Fifth was glorious, rather than beneficial to England; his attachment to the clergy led him to bigotry and intolerance, which caused a grievous oppression of his subjects, and a violation of the rights of humanity. The successful termination of his war with France cast a lustre on his reign; but it was the source of future calamities to his successor. His funeral procession was conducted with great pomp through France, and from Dover to Westminster, where he was entombed. Tapers were kept burning on his tomb for nearly one hundred years.

CATHARINE, QUEEN OF HENRY V.

Catharine was the youngest child of Charles the Sixth, king of France, and his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria; her father's health and her mother's reputation were very bad. Her father had attacks of delirium, which were very distressing; her mother was an unprincipled woman, who neglected her children, and was so absorbed in self, that she let them suffer for the necessaries of life. She was called Catharine of Valois. She was an infant when Henry the Fifth, as Prince of Wales, was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of her eldest sister, Isabella, the young widow of Richard II.

Marie, the second daughter of Charles, was the next object of Henry's choice; but she had been devoted to the cloister from her birth, and on being asked if she would prefer an earthly spouse, and accept the Prince of Wales, she was indignant at so profane a thought. A daughter of the Duke of Burgundy was then demanded for Prince Henry, but the negotiation was unsuccessful. He had also in his childhood been contracted to Marie, the eldest daughter of Joanna, Duchess of Bretagne, afterwards his stepmother. At last both the prince and his father determined on obtaining the hand of the fair Catharine, the youngest of the daughters of King Charles, and the messenger who was sent to France to demand her in marriage for the Prince of Wales was absent on the errand at the time of the death of Henry the Fourth.

Soon after the death of his father, Henry the Fifth renewed his application for the hand of the Princess Catharine, and demanded two millions of crowns for her bridal portion. This large sum it was impossible for Charles to give, but he offered his daughter with a dowry of four hundred and fifty thousand crowns. This Henry refused with disdain, as he desired an excuse to invade France, and considered this sufficient.

Before Henry left England he had Richard's body raised from its obscure resting-place at Langley, and placed in a rich chair of state, adorned with regal ornaments, and conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and laid, with solemn pomp, in the tomb he had prepared for himself by the side of his beloved Anne of Bohemia.

Catharine and all France were thrown into great fear by the victories of this lion-like wooer, and to add to her distress her brothers Louis and John died very soon after; the crime of poisoning them both was attributed to their unnatural mother, Isabeau. Henry now demanded with the hand of Catharine the sovereignty of France, after the death of her father, and that her elder sisters and only brother should be disinherited, which was agreed to.

Henry and Catharine were married soon after at Troyes, and resided a few months at Paris, but after Christmas they went to England, where the magnificent coronation of the queen took place, February 24, 1421, at Westminster. At the coronation feast Catharine publicly interceded with the king for the liberation of his royal guest and prisoner, James the First of Scotland, then at table. Her suit was granted. James was a prisoner eighteen years. The next summer the king took Catharine to the royal castle of Pontefract, where her sister Isabella's first husband had met a strange death, and where that sister's second husband, and her own cousin, the poet Duke of Orleans, was then in captivity. Henry then hurried to France on account of the death of his brother Thomas, Duke of Clarence. He requested his wife at parting not to let his heir be born at Windsor; but she disregarded his request. Catharine had no dower, but the revenues of the unfortunate queen-dowager, Joanna, were confiscated for her use. Catharine went to France a short time before Henry's death. She afterwards married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, and had three sons. The oldest son, Edmund, Earl of Richmond, was the father of Henry Tudor, afterwards King Henry VII.

Most Enduring Monument.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

Did you ever reflect with sadness on the little time the dead are remembered by sorrowing friends? Did it ever grieve your loving heart to reflect that—

"They who have loved thee most,
Will soon forget thee and their weeping,
And earth to them be bright as now—
Whilst thou alone art sleeping."

The goodly cedar is useful and admired in its life, its refreshing shadow giving shelter to the worn wayfarer in a dry and thirsty land, and its graceful symmetry awakening in his breast new emotions of beauty, and affording that ennobling pleasure which we may receive from every one of "God's fair autographs." But when the noble cedar is dead, when its "place knows it no more," then its higher use begins. "Firm in the grain, and capable of the highest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards. All but immortal itself, it diffuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it."

So is the memory of one whose life has been well spent. Blessings deep, thoughts silent, follow such an one to the grave. A hundred precious memories of kindnesses performed, of earnest, loving words spoken, of valuable lessons taught, will live for ages after the heart is still, and be handed down as precious heirlooms to those who shall come after.

Mary S——, was for many years a teacher of young ladies. Plain and unpretending, she went quietly on her way, performing faithfully her daily duties, and in doing so exerting an influence on hundreds of forming minds, noiseless and mighty as the roll of a great river wending down to the eternal sea. For years a weary sufferer, death came at last with a glad release. Many of those who were nearest and dearest had crossed the river before her, and as the coffin stood beneath the plum trees' shade that sunny summer's day, there was no bitter cry from anguished hearts, but only a gentle, tearful sorrow. Many who loved her deeply, came and looked upon the quiet face, and walked away again with thoughtful, saddened hearts. All who knew her felt they had lost a friend, which the

world could never replace. How very rarely do we meet a truly valuable friend, outside our own home circle. One who has twice in his life been thus favored, has truly cause for gratitude.

The weeks wore on, and it was sad to note the change, natural though it was, in the old vine-covered house. The carefully kept wardrobe was distributed about among the nearest of kin, and cut and fashioned over by the practical hand of the thrifty housewife. The well arranged cabinet, with its shining crystals, rare minerals, and curious shells, was turned over carelessly by little fingers, which never before had dared to touch the treasures. Children turned over at pleasure the exquisite paintings, done by her hand and always preserved so carefully in their respective portfolios. The rare herbariums, which were always folded away so carefully in their wrappings of soft linen, were now only so many collections of dried herbs.

Who has not thought with pain, as she looked on a little drawer or box of treasures, that these would all no doubt survive you. "Then where shall these things be" that you value so highly? They will never be so choice to any one else as they have been to you.

I often think, as my hand travels over the pages on this little Chinese desk, so dear for the friend's sake who sent it across the sea, whose will this be when a few more years have come and gone? Whose plaything will it be, when its shining wood and velvet linings are all defaced and worn? And what rubbish corner will be its final resting-place? It is a sad thought that even the houses we dwell in will doubtless long survive us. People we have never known will intrude in our pleasant chambers, and even the familiar furniture will pass into other hands. Their little drawers and doors and caskets will open to another's touch.

But there is a way in which all, though dead, may yet speak to those who remain. He whose "monument is in the hearts of men," will leave a memorial more lasting than marble. Such a memorial had Mary S—. To-day, in a hundred homes scattered all over our own and other lands, her teachings live, acting and reacting on thousands of hearts. Though her name may be seldom uttered, her words are repeated again and again. Her thoughts are so enstamped on the young minds she used to guide, that they have become a part of their very natures. Of the numbers gathered within those walls, not less than one

hundred dated their first religious impressions leading to their conversion directly to her influence. Many are laboring in foreign lands, and many are wives of ministers in ours. In many choice little caskets, I doubt not, are laid away a little bundle of neatly written notes, now yellow and faded, but breathing still the same rich breath from "the garden of spices."

How many slips from that famed rose tree upon her table, are blossoming all the winter through, cheering many homes by their fragrance. The morning-glory vines are clambering over many humble cottage windows, which sprang from the little paper of seeds bestowed by her hands. Hundreds of households reap the benefit of lessons of order, neatness and economy, which were learned from her lips and example. They are legacies more valuable than gold or gems. But the Christian influence which she exerted adds the brightest glory to her crown of rejoicing. A hundred souls, through God's blessing upon her labors, brought to the cross of the Saviour! Who would ask for any other memorial. Yet the humblest Christian may be thus remembered after he has passed from earth. Patient, faithful labor for souls, accompanied by constant believing prayer will surely be crowned by success.

Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Windall was, as we have said, a small, pale-faced woman, with dark keen eyes and a high forehead. She was rather showily dressed, in cheap, faded finery, the soils and creases therein marking her as an untidy person. She was one of those who, affecting a scorn for things feminine, have yet a weak love for gaudy attire, but neither taste nor neatness. So in her wardrobe she made herself noticeable, but did not elicit admiration. Years before she had quarreled with her husband, and they had ever since lived separately. As to the blame, it was about equally divided. Both had hung out false colors, she pretending to be an heiress, and he a thriving man of business. The mutual cheat was never forgiven on either side, and after a brief but stormy attempt to live before the world as man and wife, they had broken their fetters and swept asunder.

Previous to her marriage, Mrs. Windall

had lived with a distant relative; but, on separating from her husband, the door of her old home did not open for her again. The fact was, she had been a burden to this relative, who felt no inclination to take it up again. Mrs. Windall, therefore, in leaving her husband, went out into the world alone. Just how she had managed to live for the past five or six years, no one knew. Frequent changes of boarding places, left with some the inference that she was either difficult to please, or for some cause was not considered a desirable guest. The truth was, she had a slender purse, and did not pay as she went. The question of ways and means had become one of vital interest to Mrs. Windall. She would not, however, descend into any of the vulgarly useful employments, preferring to get money through appeals to sympathetic strangers, in whom she managed to excite pity for her wrongs and destitution. She had "boarded round" and "begged round" in Philadelphia for nearly two years, until she became so well known that both doors and sympathy were shut against her. Then she found means to procure from three clergymen and two editors, letters of introduction to as many individuals in Boston of the same professions, whither she went, and on the strength of these introductions, managed to get into respectable society. But she was both a moth and a drone, consuming yet not producing. For a time, she interested people of some cultivation, for her mind was active, and she was a fluent talker. In Boston, she met with a number of men and women who were absorbed in social theories, joined their circle, and for awhile became a leader among them. Gradually, however, something in her was felt as repulsive. The circle did not harmonize with Mrs. Windall so near the centre, and by tacit consent, she was gradually pressed to the circumference. She could talk glibly of "broad humanities;" of "noble aims and ends;" of their "high mission in the world;" of the "new gospel" they were sent to preach; but those who had the means of knowing her best, saw that she was idle and selfish—a taker on all sides, but not a giver.

For over two years Mrs. Windall managed to keep afloat in Boston; then she found it necessary to emigrate. Gradually the circle of her friends had diminished, and as it lessened, the character of her associates were of a lower grade. Light scandals touched her fame—whether justly or not, we cannot affirm. In the end, a few weak but well-meaning

individuals, who pitied her destitution, obtained for her letters introductory, and a sum of money, with which she passed to New York. Here she had flourished for a while, but was now getting to be so well understood, that she found it difficult to hold her own.

Such in brief was the woman into whose hands Mrs. Jansen had fallen. Coldly had the friend on whom Madeline counted turned from her—the very friend who had first taught her the new doctrines of equality and independence, on which she was now acting—the friend on whom she had counted for everything in this the great crisis of her life, turned from and left her with a woman whose sphere had always been repellant, and holding by whose hand she was now stepping out into an unknown and untried world. The air of this new region struck upon her with a chill, and she felt an inward shudder as she walked away from Mrs. Woodbine's door, accompanied by Mrs. Windall. Had she been alone, most likely her feet would have turned back towards her own house. But she was committed to a degree that left retreat out of the question. She was too young and too strong in her self-will for a cool counting of the cost—for that sober reflection and hesitation which years of life-experiences, with their sufferings, are sure to bring. Pride was a dominant passion—this also held her to the course upon which she had so madly entered.

Mrs. Windall was boarding at No. — Washington street, in a house and neighborhood quite below the range of respectability in which Mrs. Jansen had been living with her husband. The latter held back, and gave her companion a look of surprised inquiry, as they stopped before a dingy dwelling.

"This is my home for the present, dear," said Mrs. Windall, with an encouraging smile. "Not as elegant as I could desire, but the people are so very kind that I can't take heart to leave them. Come!"

Mrs. Windall's hand was already on the bell. Madeline felt an impulse to turn away, and run as if for life; but she had not strength enough to break the spell that was upon her, and so stood passive, with her eyes cast down and half-closed, instinctively shutting away the unpleasing objects that were before them.

"Come, dear!" The door had been opened by a sharp looking Irish girl, who glanced keenly at Mrs. Jansen as she entered on this invitation of her friend.

"Is my room in order, Kitty?" asked Mrs. Windall, when they stood in the narrow hall,

the atmosphere of which was heavy with dining-room and kitchen odors.

"No ma'am," answered Kitty, with a curtness of tone that did not escape Mrs. Jansen.

"Will you put it in order right away, Kitty?"

Kitty did not give a verbal negative, but her manner said emphatically—"No!"

"Walk into the parlor, Mrs. Jansen," said Mrs. Windall, turning from the servant, whose sharp, curious eyes had already closely scanned the visitor's face.

The parlor was a small front room, of cheerless aspect. The air was close and impure, the furniture dingy, the painted walls dirty with head and hand marks. An old sofa, with a broken spring shining through the rent haircloth, stood on one side. In the centre was a small round mahogany table, on which was a carcel lamp, surmounted by a globe, cracked on one side, and with a crescent-shaped piece scalloped out of the top. The odor of sperm oil struck the nostrils as the eyes rested on this lamp. It was not imagination. Five ancient looking stuffed chairs were ranged about the apartment. The carpet, of English Brussels, had once been handsome; but that was a long time ago. It would have been difficult now to make out the figure clearly, the pile was so completely worn off in large spots, thus exposing the coarse grain of the canvas. Painted shades, which could hardly have seen less than ten years' service, darkened the windows. On the mantelpiece stood a small French clock, the pendulum motionless. This article of ornament was flanked by two small, curiously spotted shells, the only clean and fresh looking things in the room. A few pictures, so called by courtesy, hung on the walls, the most noticeable being a savage looking Judith and Holofernes.

"We'll sit here for a short time, until the servant gets my room ready," said Mrs. Windall, taking off her bonnet, and tossing it in a careless way on to the table, where stood the carcel lamp, untrimmed since the last night's burning. If it came off free of an oil spot, so much might be counted as gain. "She didn't expect me home so soon, or it would have been all right. When I go out in the morning I hardly ever get home until dinner-time. And now, my child, while waiting for Kitty, we can talk."

Mrs. Jansen glanced towards the folding doors, that stood closed between the front and back rooms.

"There's no one there," said Mrs. Windall, understanding the significance of the glance.

A movement in the adjoining room contradicted her assertion, and she dropped her voice, as she remarked—

"Only a servant, I presume. But, we can talk low. And now let me repeat the assurances already made, that I am your friend, and feel deeply interested in your case. Do you know, dear, I've always felt drawn towards you. There's something about you so frank and outspoken—so womanly and so independent—so true to yourself. The step you are taking is a most painful one; but it is in pain that higher principles are born. We must go through the fire to purification. We must get strength for noble work by braving the tempest. Dear, dear child! don't give way to a weakness that is unworthy of the duty to which you are called!"

Poor Madeline! Her heart had failed her. Looking into the face of things as they were beginning to present themselves, she shuddered in affright. Her answer to Mrs. Windall was a trio of sobs, and a gush of tears.

"I know it is a hard thing for you, my dear," said Mrs. Windall, in a tenderly sympathizing voice, drawing an arm as she spoke around Mrs. Jansen. "So young—so hopeful—so loving, yet so terribly disappointed! These wrongs to our sex set my blood on fire. I grow fierce with indignation when I see them. Poor child! This is but a momentary weakness. I understand how it is, for have I not also been in the furnace? You will be stronger in a little while."

"It is cruel—so cruel!" murmured Mrs. Jansen.

"All men are cruel. It is their nature," said Mrs. Windall. "Flatter them—yield to them in everything—call black white to humor their whims, and they can be as gentle as lambs; but set yourself in opposition; dare to call your soul your own, and instantly the fangs are seen. But you haven't told me all about this unhappy affair. I could only get vague hints from our conversation at Mrs. Woodbine's. And, by the way, Mrs. Woodbine acted very strangely. I thought more highly of her. To recommend you to go back, just for the sake of money and position! But you answered her nobly! Your language thrilled me with pleasure. I said, what a grand young soul! There was in your words the inspiration of a high purpose. I felt that the priestess for our new temple had come. And so I drew you away from the unworthy contact of such a woman as Mrs. Woodbine."

This speech was not without influence on

Mrs. Jansen. She was pleased rather than disgusted, and so made blind instead of clear-seeing in regard to her friend. Her emotion had already subsided; calmness and strength were born of momentary weakness.

"How was it? Tell me all," said Mrs. Windall, resuming. "Trust me, as one who loves you—as one who will make your cause her own—as a daughter would trust her mother."

Mrs. Windall could attract strongly. If one came fully within her sphere, that one was captive, at least for a time. Already Madeline was beginning to feel the influence of this subtle sphere. As she looked into the woman's face, its expression changed. What had been hard and repellant, was softened by more graceful lines. There was tenderness in the cold dark eyes, from whose strange intenseness she had so often turned away with an inward shiver. Madeline was in her power.

"Tell me all," repeated Mrs. Windall. Her tones had in them now more of command than solicitation—not offensive command, but that expectation of consent, which, from its subtlety, is so much more certain to prevail. And Madeline opened all her heart. She kept back nothing.

"Now I can advise you understandingly," said Mrs. Windall, when in full possession of the case. "Of course you cannot go back, unless your husband consents to the equality you have demanded. That would be to sink below the former level you held in his house. It would be acknowledging yourself an inferior—a serf, a slave. He would be tenfold more the tyrant. No—no; you have entered a path in which there is no turning back without loss of everything a woman holds dear. And now, let me ask a plain question or two as to your connections and prospects outside of your husband. The better I understand things, you see, the better I can advise you. What of your relatives?"

"Apart from my husband," replied Mrs. Jansen, "I am nearly alone in the world."

"Ah!" There was a certain spring in Mrs. Windall's voice that indicated satisfaction.

"I lived with an aunt, my only near relative, at the time of my marriage. She has since died," added Mrs. Jansen.

"Have you an income?—Anything in your own right?"

"Nothing."

"So you stand alone in the world, trusting in your own strength?"

"Alone!" How the word echoed through all the chambers of Madeline's soul.

"And yet not alone," said Mrs. Windall.

"As I have already affirmed, all true women are your friends; and you will find many noble spirits drawing to your side. They will encompass you as a defensive wall."

The parlor door was opened at this moment by Kitty, who had altered her first intention about Mrs. Windall's chamber.

"Your room is ready, ma'am," she said, with less curttness of speech than she had used when the ladies first came in.

"Oh! Thank you, Kitty," returned Mrs. Windall, with considerable blandness of manner.

After obtaining a good look at the visitor, the observant Kitty retired.

The apartment to which Mrs. Jansen now ascended, was in the third story, back. Its furniture was in the ordinary style of second and third class boarding houses—meagre, dingy, cheerless. A cherry four poster, of scant dimensions and obsolete style, occupied a portion of the chamber. The bed was thin and covered by a faded calico spread, patched here and there with pieces of different patterns. There was no bureau. Two large trunks were, instead, the repositories of Mrs. Windall's clothing. A cheap mahogany framed glass hung against the wall, under which was placed a high and narrow pine dressing table. Two chairs, a small writing or work-table, a strip of carpet before the bed, a common maple washstand, and green paper blinds at the windows, made up the complement of furniture.

"It isn't very elegant," said Mrs. Windall, as she ushered her almost shrinking companion into this comfortless apartment. "But," she added, with affected indifference towards external things, "not in our surroundings does the heart find rest and satisfaction. Sweet peace, contentment, delight, come by an inner way. The poet who said, 'My mind my kingdom is,' understood life's true philosophy. How often do I repeat the words! How often have I repeated them in this poor little room, and felt their sublime meaning."

As she spoke, Mrs. Windall untied Madeline's bonnet strings and removed her bonnet. The unhappy young creature was stunned and passive. She felt herself in a weird atmosphere, every breath of which fed a strange, scarcely real life. There was a spell on her, which it seemed impossible to break. She distinctly recognized a power in this woman against which she had not, in the present,

strength to act. She felt herself like a broken branch on a stream, borne away she knew not whither.

"Don't look so miserable, dear," said Mrs. Windall, seeing in Mrs. Jansen's face a picture of wretchedness and vague alarm. "The first sharp pain will soon be over. Then you will feel calm, strong, and full of self-confidence! I have gone by this way, and know every foot of the ground. It leads to freedom—to self-repose—to honorable independence. Only the first steps are painful and difficult."

Mrs. Jansen did not reply. After her bonnet and shawl had been laid off, she sat down by one of the windows and looked out. The prospect was neither soothing nor elevating. Dirty brick walls, chimneys, roofs—a dull sky over head—below, not a green thing. It was a glimpse of New York out of a back third story window on the east side of Washington street. A dreary gaze—shut eyes for a little while—then Mrs. Jansen turned from the prospect without to the one within. The room seemed more desolate and repulsive than at the first glance. It was a comfortless cell compared to the luxurious chamber she had, until within a few hours, called her own. What a heavy weight rested on her bosom! She almost panted for breath. It seemed as if something were crushing her life out. Then came a strong impulse to break away—to run from this woman as from an enemy, and from this close room as from a prison. She even rose with a sudden resoluteness of manner, and crossed towards the bed on which her shawl and bonnet were lying. Mrs. Windall, who was on the alert, read what was passing in her mind, and moving quickly to her side, drew an arm around her, and said—

"And now, dear, going back to the subject of our conversation when Kitty interrupted us, take heart in the assurance that you do not stand alone. That all true women are your friends, and that purer and nobler spirits than you have yet known, will come to your side and claim you as a sister. Sit down again. I have a world of things to say."

And Mrs. Jansen, weak and bewildered, sat down; or, to speak more truly, permitted herself to be borne down upon the chair from which she had just arisen.

"And first, dear Mrs. Jansen! let me offer, with a free and loving heart, to share my poor room with you for a little while, until better arrangements can be made. A season of quiet is essential in your present state of mind. You need not join the family. I will arrange

to have your meals sent up. Just as long as you may wish, shall you remain in perfect seclusion. In the mean time, we can survey the whole ground and determine your best course."

Mrs. Jansen, whose eyes had fallen to the floor, did not look up nor respond. She was thinking of the letter she had left for her husband, and whether he would send an answer. How was she to get the answer, if it were sent? She had given the number of Mrs. Woodbine's house, as that to which any communication for her should be directed. Could she go there again, after what had passed between her and Mrs. Woodbine? She felt, with keenness, the altered tone of this friend, upon whom she had counted for almost everything. She was hurt, alienated, offended. When she passed through her door, on retiring, she had resolved never to reënter it again. Of course, Mrs. Windall would call for her on the next day, and inquire for a letter! but, there came a hesitation in her thought—a certain want of confidence was felt. Though captive, in a degree, to the stronger will of Mrs. Windall, the instincts of her purer nature warned her against implicit trust. No, she did not wish any communication from her husband to get into the hands of this woman; nor, in case a letter was received, did she wish to read it in her presence. In such a case, she felt that she would not be free to act as her own heart and judgment might dictate.

"You do not answer me," said Mrs. Windall, breaking in upon Madeline's perplexed thoughts. There was just a shade of offended pride in her voice.

"Forgive me, my kind friend," answered Mrs. Jansen, rousing herself. She shivered as if a cold wind had blown upon her. "Be patient with me. I do not see clearly."

"No mother could be more patient, or more loving than I will be, dear Mrs. Jansen! It is because my heart is so full of your case, that I seem to be intrusive. I know how it is with you. I see just where you stand, and see, also, the way opening easily before you. Ah, dear, if your eyes could perceive what is so plain to mine! But that, in your present state, is impossible."

Mrs. Windall drew an arm around Madeline and kissed her. How cold the lips were! They sent a chill down her nerves.

Weak—passive—silent. The strength, born of indignant purpose; the half heroic enthusiasm which had led Mrs. Jansen out from the home of her husband; the dominant will,

ready to accept anything but submission—were all failing now, as she stood face to face with these first repulsive facts of her new life. Anything so poor, so mean, so circumscribed as this chamber of her friend, had not come within the range of her anticipation. Sacrifice; endurance; self-dependence; stern conflict in the life-battle that was before her, going out thus alone into the world, she had nerved herself to accept. But in so far as imagination had realized anything as actual, there was in its pictures of the future a certain grandness and heroism, with its poetical compensations, that would give strength to a nature like hers. And here, at the initial step, as if to drive her back, she was met by a coarse and offensive reality, the first contact with which filled her with disgust. The admonition would have been effectual, had she not been under the influence of a will more subtle and powerful than her own. Weak—passive—silent she became, after a single effort to break away; and when, perceiving this state, Mrs. Windall urged her to lie down, she made no resistance.

After her head was upon the pillow, Mrs. Windall sat close beside her. Madeline shut her eyes and turned partly away. Her face was pale; her eyelids wet; her mouth full of sadness. Now a change flashed over Mrs. Windall's faded countenance—there was a gleam in her eyes—and the signs of an eager purpose about her thin, cold lips. With a repressed movement, she extended one of her hands, and laid it gently on Madeline's forehead. For nearly a minute she did not move this hand; then the fingers stirred, just as if the motion were involuntary. After that, she stroked the damp hair softly, gradually extending the touch down to the temples on each side. This was continued for some time, Mrs. Jansen remaining quiet. If the half-unconscious woman, lying there with closed lids, could have seen the countenance of Mrs. Windall as it was now, she would have started up and fled in terror from the room. But she was fast losing herself. The motion of Mrs. Windall's hand went on, gradually increasing in quickness, while her eyes fixed themselves with a snake-like intensity upon Madeline. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed, and still the hand of Mrs. Windall stroked the forehead and temple of the motionless woman lying before her—the expression of her face increasing all the while in its intense eagerness. At last she paused, still with her weird eyes on Madeline, and her hand held a few

inches above the head she had been caressing. All remained silent as death. Even the breathing of Mrs. Windall was suppressed. Now she stood up and bent over, so as to get a full view of Madeline's face. The result was satisfactory. A light flashed into her countenance, a strange, unnatural, evil light. Again she laid her hand on her head, and as she did so, called her name in a low voice; but no response came. Then an arm was gently lifted—it remained, as raised, after being released, not falling back upon the bed by its own weight. Mrs. Windall pressed upon the arm, and it went down slowly. Again that gleam of light flashed over the woman's face which was full of conscious power. An eager thrill of triumph seemed to pervade her soul. Her slight form swelled into fuller proportions.

"Mine!" she ejaculated, in a whisper. "Mine!" And still she stood looking greedily at the unconscious Madeline—a dove just flown from her cage, and so soon in the hawk's talons!

CHAPTER X.

The whole aspect of Mrs. Windall was changed. At a first glance, even one quite familiar with her appearance might have failed in a clear recognition. Usually, there was about her an air of repose. Life did not flush the external of her being, but held itself, like a hidden spring, in fulness at the centre. Now it was leaping along her veins in unwonted currents, while every nerve was in a thrill. As she stood erect above the unconscious Mrs. Jansen, every part of her body was in motion, with that billowy grace seen in wild animals of the feline species; while her face glowed with an evil radiance. She stood over Madeline for a little while, and then crossed to the window, looked out for a moment; then turned and went back to the bed again—still with that rippling, springy grace of motion to which we have referred. Her eyes glanced towards her victim as she turned, with that glittering eagerness seen in the cat's eyes, half cruel, when she sports with her prey.

As if to re-assure herself that Mrs. Jansen was completely spell-bound, she called her in a low voice; but the ears were dead to external sounds. Then she laid her hand on her temples—then lifted her passive arms, that retained, like pieces of wax, any position she gave them. A fuller satisfaction flushed her pale face—a keener delight burned in her calm, dark eyes—through every limb and

muscle ran a stronger billowy motion. She was graceful in attitude as a wild beast.

This flushing of all the externals of Mrs. Windall's life, consequent on gaining power over a weaker soul, whom she meant to render obedient to sinister purposes, continued for nearly an hour. During this long period, she was in almost constant motion, exhibiting the restlessness of a caged beast. Every now and then, she would stand over Madeline, and look upon her with an expression of intense satisfaction. There was no pity, no sympathy, no compassion in her cold face. She did not think of what suffering might lay in the path she was marking out in thought for this young creature's feet; but only of gain to herself.

After an hour, her exultant state passed, and Mrs. Windhall became reflective. She sat down a little way from the bed, assuming in a short time the attitude of one who had pondered deeply. Sometimes her head moved in assent to a hidden thought, or slowly signed a negative, as some result was reached that did not find approval. And still the death-like sleeper lay with soul and sense imprisoned.

Almost another hour elapsed without change. At the end of that period Mrs. Windall stood over Madeline, not in the fearful aspect she had borne since the beginning of this infernal rite, but with her usual countenance, softened by looks of kindness. There were a few quiet passes and touches, and calls made in tones of tender interest; when the long still lashes quivered, the lips moved, the whole body showed a thrill of returning life.

"Dear Mrs. Jansen!" a mother's voice could hardly have so abounded in love as the voice of Mrs. Windall. "How sweetly you have slept."

Mrs. Jansen started up and looked around her in a scared way.

"Have you been dreaming, dear?" asked Mrs. Windall.

"Dreaming! dreaming!" murmured Mrs. Jansen, as one still but half awake. She looked strangely about the room, then timidly at Mrs. Windall.

"What a sweet sleep you have had! I've been watching you for more than an hour. I never saw anything so peaceful. It was like an infant's slumber." Mrs. Windall's arm was already around Madeline, who first shrank away, and then permitted herself to be drawn close to her side.

There came a rap at the door, which a moment afterwards was pushed open, and Kitty's sharp face peered in.

"Did you call, ma'am?" asked the servant, and as she spoke she advanced her body into the room, and fixed her intelligent eyes on Mrs. Jansen.

"No, Kitty," answered Mrs. Windall, in a slightly annoyed manner—"I didn't call, and don't want anything."

"Will the lady stay to dinner, and shall I have a place for her?" Kitty held her ground, in spite of Mrs. Windall's intimation that she could retire.

"Oh, no—no," answered Mrs. Jansen, "I shall not stay to dinner. Is it so late!"

"It's going near on till two o'clock, ma'am," said Kitty.

"Impossible!" And Mrs. Jansen drew out her watch.

"How strange!" she ejaculated—"Nearly two, as I live, and I thought it was scarcely twelve."

Kitty's eyes, full of curious interest, were reading every line and expression of Mrs. Jansen's beautiful young face.

"Yes ma'am," said the girl, "it's nearly two, and we have dinner at the hour. Shall I bring you up something?"

"No, thank you. Have I slept long?" And Madeline turned to Mrs. Windall.

"You can go down, Kitty," said the last-named person. "I did not call you. If my friend takes dinner with me, I will see to it. There—then—!" she added, in an imperative manner, as the girl still lingered. Kitty, with a look on her face that did not escape Mrs. Jansen, went out slowly.

"The most provoking girl I ever saw!" exclaimed Mrs. Windall, angrily, as Kitty shut the door. "She's always prowling about, and thrusting herself upon you in and out of season. But if you really want anything, she is very sure to have other engagements. Were you asleep long? Yes, dear. You slept for nearly two hours, and lay so quiet and peaceful that I could not find it in my heart to awaken you. You won't go down to dinner?"

"Oh, no—no, Mrs. Windall; I couldn't eat a mouthful."

"I'll have your dinner sent up."

"No, no; I would choke if I attempted to eat."

"But you can't go without food, dear. I'll find something delicate at the table, and bring it to you myself."

Mrs. Jansen only turned her head partly away, with that air of aversion which we sometimes see in the sick when pressed to take food. She had been sitting, since roused from her

unnatural sleep, on the bed. Now rising, she walked in an unsteady way across the room, and stood at the window, from which she had already obtained so dreary a prospect of roofs and chimneys.

"I think," she said, turning suddenly around, "that I will——" As suddenly as she had begun did Mrs. Jansen check herself.

"Will what?" asked Mrs. Windall.

"Oh, nothing; it was a mere thought," replied Madeline.

Mrs. Windall's forehead contracted. She looked sharply at Mrs. Jansen.

"Don't be afraid to speak out with me," she said. "I am your friend in everything. If you have doubts, questions, or rising purposes, don't hesitate about letting me see them. My heart is in your case, and I will counsel or lead you as if you were my own child."

But Mrs. Jansen did not reveal her thought. Nay, hid it in her mind with care, lest it should be discovered. In vain did Mrs. Windall persist in trying to get at the meaning of that quick decision of her young friend's mind—for she saw that a decision had been reached—Madeline baffled her in every effort.

The loud clamor of a bell, jarring through the hall and stairways, announced dinner.

"You will not go down?" said Mrs. Windall.

"No."

"I will bring you up something."

Mrs. Jansen shook her head.

"But you must take food. A cup of tea and a piece of toast, if nothing else. Shall I bring these?"

"I'll take some tea," said Mrs. Jansen, with the manner of one who wished to get rid of importunity.

The instant Mrs. Windall left the chamber, Madeline's face lighted with a purpose. She listened intently to the sound of her retreating footsteps, to the opening and shutting of chamber doors, and the confused noise of feet down the stairs and along the passages. In a few moments all was still again. Now she got up quickly, and after a hurried arrangement of her hair, put on her shawl and bonnet. Her hand was on the door, which she pulled softly ajar. As she did so, her quick ear caught the sound of light ascending feet. Starting back, she threw off the bonnet and shawl, tossing them to the farther side of the bed from which she had taken them, and was sitting with an apparently absorbed air near

the window, when Mrs. Windall opened the door and came in.

"They have some nice roasted fowl on the table," she said. "Now do let me send you a piece."

Mrs. Jansen shook her head, replying—

"No, Mrs. Windall; I cannot eat a mouthful. But, if it is not too much trouble, you may have a cup of tea made, and bring it up when you are through with dinner."

"And a piece of toast."

"Yes, yes; if I can eat it, I will."

Mrs. Windall lingered for some moments, like one haunted with suspicions, and only half satisfied. With quick but cautious glances, she surveyed the room, to see if there had been any change since she went down stairs. None met her eyes.

"I will bring the tea and toast in a little while," she said, as she moved back.

"Oh, thank you. Perhaps I will feel better afterwards."

Mrs. Windall went out, shutting the door. The instant Mrs. Jansen was alone, a quiver ran through her frame, and her stooping body lifted itself to a firm erectness. She turned an ear, listening intently. Not the slightest sound was heard. Was Mrs. Windall just outside of the door, or had she gone down with noiseless steps? A minute, that seemed like five minutes, passed before Mrs. Jansen stirred from where she sat. Then she went to the door, and opening it softly, peered out. There was no one in the passage. She stepped from the room, and moved to the head of the stairway. All was deserted and still. Assured of this, she went back quickly, and catching up her bonnet and shawl, drew them on, with scarcely a moment's pause for right adjustment. The finest ear would scarcely have detected her footfalls as she glided down the stairs. Unobserved, she had nearly reached the lower passage, when she heard some one coming up quickly from the basement, where the dining-room was located. Pausing, she held her breath, in a strange kind of fear. She felt like a criminal in the act of escape, and about suffering detection. All her mind was in confusion. A moment of suspense, and Kitty, the Irish girl, appeared. Mrs. Jansen put her finger to her lip. The servant understood her, and nodded a quick assurance.

"Don't tell Mrs. Windall that I am going," whispered Mrs. Jansen.

"Deed ma'am, I wont!" Kitty answered back in a whisper. "She's a horrid thing,

any how," looking the disgust she felt, "and we all wish her a thousand miles from here. But get away with you, and don't be lingering. It's just my guess that she put you to sleep to-day. I've heard that she can do such things. Ough! I'd as soon let a snake touch me!"

"Kitty!" It was the voice of Mrs. Windall, calling up from the basement. At the same time, she was heard ascending.

"Go!" said the girl to Mrs. Jansen—"go right away; I'll keep her down there until you get out of the front door."

"Who were you talking to?" Madeline heard Mrs. Windall ask, as Kitty met her half way down the basement stairway. She needed no further incitement, but was in the street before Kitty, who had blocked up the stairs in front of Mrs. Windall, had given her evasive answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Invocation to the Evening Star.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

Evening star, so brightly shining,
What's my fate? Oh, whisper now!
Shall I linger till Time's finger
Leaveth furrows on my brow?

On a grand old hill I'm standing,
Beauty all around I trace,
Night's cool breezes toss the tresses
Gayly backward from my face.

There's a festival this even
Of the starry throngs on high,
I unbidden, pinions hidden,
Can but only look and sigh.

Whisper then, for oh, I'm lonely,
I have left the dear ones all,
Star above me, dost thou love me,
Listen to my earnest call.

Up this steep old hill I've clambered,
Only to commune with thee,
But unheeding, thou art leading
Onward to the revelry.

Damp the dews of night are stealing
Softly o'er my brow they fall;
Star above me, dost thou love me,
Thou wilt surely hear my call.

ROCHESTER, PA.

GOOD-BREEDING shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears least.

Frost upon the Window Pane.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

Like some rare and costly jewel
Gleaming in the morning light,
Radiant as Golconda's diamonds,
Or the stars of summer night,
Traced about in feathery shootings
As 'twould write some valued name,
Was the frost this morning early
Shining on the window pane.

All the children gathered round it,
Pressing fingers on its face,
Striving with the tricks of childhood
All its beauty to deface;
But the fire burns bright and brighter,
And the room is warm again,
While the frost is softly weeping
Tears, upon the window pane.

So my brightest, purest heart-dreams,
And the garnered hopes of years,
Like the frost upon the window,
Often have dissolved in tears.
One by one each precious jewel,
And each loved and cherished name
Vanished, as the frost has melted
Here upon the window pane.

But from 'neath the dewy offering
Better, holier hopes, would spring,
And about the riven heart-strings
Greener shoots of ivy cling;
While the soul would grow courageous,
Striking out for wealth and fame,
Weaving visions like the fret-work
On the frosted window pane.

In the walks of life, I've witnessed
Virtue's mien as clear and bright
As the frost is on the window
After a chill wintry night,
When some daring vice would enter
In that heart, and leave its stain,
Marring it like childish tracings
Here upon the window pane.

Hearts may gather strength and sternness,
But they never change to stone,
And the thrilling spell of memory
Ever will the spirit own.
When the heart is wrapped in winter,
It may never melt again
'Till the sunlight shines upon it,
As upon the window pane.

Always to give others their due, we must possess not only rare discriminating powers to enable us to see just what belongs to others and ourselves, as well as a nice sense of justice to incline us to award it.

H. B. C.

LAY SERMONS.

Only a Day.

"Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms,
Into the silent land."

"Scanty!" a pair of dreaming eyes looked from a cottage window, as thoughtful lips murmured the word recorded; a slumbrous discontent lay over every feature of a wishful, meditative face; it was mobile and feminine, but it was cold now.

"And it always has been!" the lips continued, compressing a little. It was a woman of thirty who spoke thus to herself; she dropped her eyes upon a calico dress which she was mending, and sewed slowly. It was not the dress which she pronounced scanty, but her life, past and present; no deep, thrilling romance had ever invaded it; no love had ever poetized her youth; no electric energy on her own part had ever lifted up her homely days to the places which talent and passion choose. With an intellect fitted to work in charming fields, and a character moulded to cast sunshine over a broad area, she lived in a small, tasteless house, and her companions were commonplace. Why? O, because God willed it! that was all. She had never been twenty miles from home; she lived with her uncle and aunt; she read everything which she could get. What was the result? She thought; she exerted some influence in the world; not much seemingly—she exerted some influence in heaven—some in hell. How? when she aspired, prayed and executed, she gave her hand to angels, and ranged herself with them; when she murmured, devils clustered about her, and made her a vehicle of harm to those who received her words, for words are living, piercing thoughts, which laugh at the stolidity of matter, and hurl it into myriad embodiments for itself. This woman had been touched in the dawn of her beautiful unfolding by an unseen wand; that changed her fate, perhaps? No! her fate was always a crystal thought of God. Fate means the whole. She had been an invalid thirteen years; now she walked abroad, she was free from physical pain, she fulfilled various little household tasks. Ah! she even put forth her joyful hand to intellectual labor. Then when she rose from her toil with a jubilant light in her eyes, and roses upon her pale cheeks, the wand smote her, and her fate sang down to her from the starry arch, "This refreshment is not for you; you were born to wait!" She had health enough for little things, but not enough for the execution of great things. She was drearily reflecting upon this, when an elderly woman came into the room where

she sat, and said, "Sybil, your uncle says he shall not live the day out; he is sitting by his fire!"

Sybil looked up calmly, and replied, not without a shade of sarcasm—

"We shall have the pleasure of hearing him make that remark often, I imagine."

Her aunt looked at her, and replied—

"It is the same as death, to believe you see it."

She went out, and a little servant entered, who had red hair, very large freckles, and an ugly phisique generally.

"Miss Sybil," she asked, with a guilty air, "is my frock mended?"

"Why?" asked Sybil, shortly, as she ran her eye over the apparel of the child; she discovered a rent.

"Here is your dress," she said, with cutting rigidity. "Mend that tear yourself, and if you tear your clothes again in a week, you shall wear tow."

The girl looked unhappy, and went away, opening and closing the door very softly, as if to atone for her iniquity.

"Poor little soul!" thought Sybil, as she observed this; she lifted her hand to her head, and as she did so, her arm struck slightly against the window-sill. A sudden change passed over her countenance; all the coldness left it. "What am I about?" she asked suddenly of herself. "Here is my life, a very poor, monotonous one, and I am making the worst of it. Let us turn about!" Upon her arm she wore a fanciful bracelet of cloves under her sleeve; she was not a catholic, but when one night she fastened it on her arm, she said, "I baptize it with the word 'Thankfulness,' and when I feel its pressure, it will arrest my thought, and if I am faltering on my way, I will remember that I am a pilgrim, and that I am seeking Paradise." So this hidden circlet was a talisman; it was one of those fairy bells that ring out the old, and ring in the new. Listening to its mysterious chimes, she arose; as the south wind comes and shapes down the most odorous blossoms, so a breeze stirred in the garden of her soul, and shook down from the sky blossoms of inspiration; they fell softly, vaguely into her thought; perhaps they were given her by an angel veiled from her sight; but yes, it was true that there was a rounded wholeness to her life, only she could not see the whole now; she might work for the millennial day that she saw approaching; she might acquire habits that would be of use to her in heaven. Jacob walked at eventide, and lifting his eyes saw Rebecca coming; so some day she should lift her eyes, and the pomp of a splendid destiny should come to her; she did not

know when; God has his hours for crowning; He is eternal, so is every human faculty that asks for pure and shapely development. She said, "I will grow vexted pure to meet my fate; I will grow merciful; I will grow patient. I will walk so to-day, that when I am crowned with that gladness which intoxicates, my eyes shall be clear and my heart unselfish. I am not ready yet for a harmonious jubilation." Thus she mused a moment; and did some sunny change come over her everyday life? Ask the dead soldier's bride if joy came to her after tears had washed her soul whiter than it was in its day of rapture. Happiness in its highest and fullest sense must be postponed; it does not last in our fretful childhood. Moses and Isaiah are comparatively mature; we think we are mature at forty or fifty, but we shall laugh at our *naïveté* when we are a few thousand years old. Yet a lustre may be cast upon the distant thousand years by the homely acts of to-day. And Sybil Wake went to her uncle's room to see how far she could transform and illuminate the dull, yet subtle shape of the hour. She opened his door, and saw him sitting with a stony gaze upon the embers; once he had been the gentlest and most cheerful of men. Ill health had brought on hypochondria. What is this strange something that is causeless and formless to foreign eyes? It is to lie naked in the jaws of suffering with no weapon—it is to be the prey of demons who cover with a pall the blue sky. If a man's bones are broken, his friends fly to his relief; if his spirit is nailed to the cross, and can give no sound as to how it got there, these friends leave him, and say, "Nothing can be done for him; it is a nervous melancholy." Thoughts like these ran through Sybil's mind, and she reflected with remorse that she had never tried with all her strength to detach her uncle's soul from its dungeon of gloom. "Let me mend the fire, uncle, so that we can be a little cosy!" she said, kneeling down to execute her task. "I have such a charming letter to read to you, from cousin Kate."

The pale, fixed countenance strove to smile, and a gleam passed over it; it was that indescribable look of humble gratitude which the unhappy wear when surprised by kindness; they expect to be endured, not appreciated. This look shook Sybil a little inwardly, but she seated herself on a low chair, took the letter from her pocket, and read it in her clear, vibrating voice; it was only such a letter as thousands of sensible women write, but to Sybil it was a little shaft put into her hand by Providence, that she might pry open a vein of love; it led to easy conversation on her own part. As she talked cheerfully upon anything that occurred to her, there filtered into her soul a strange, clear sense that all was well with her; she pressed with dove-like tread the simple path of the hour, and felt that to seek any ark but that of duty would shake God's balance, and hurt the wondrous story of her coming life. This man who sat beside her, with an easeful relaxation about his mouth, and a

less stony look in his eyes—she did not wearily turn from him now; the thought of a radiant day for him came to her, and he seemed already restored to manhood, walking in the cheerful fields of the Hereafter.

"I wonder, Sybil, if I could go to the stand and get a drink. I'll try!" he said; he had not attempted so much in a long time, but he succeeded. When he had retaken his chair, Sybil passed her hand over the bald spot on his head, and then softly laid her cheek upon it. Her duty to him opened another gate of usefulness.

"Uncle," she asked, "would it annoy you if I were to teach Becky to read here? It has just occurred to me that I am not doing for her all I ought."

"No! nothing is so hard to me as to be left helpless with my own thoughts."

She ascertained that the red-haired child was not busy, and led her into the sick man's chamber. She was the angelic Sybil now, not the evil Sybil, and somehow the new identity penetrated unconsciously into Becky's mind. The teacher and pupil sat down near the old man, and began work; Becky's face wore a look of concealed enjoyment, that developed into clumsy rapture as Miss Sybil broke into uncontrollable laughter over a culminating series of her mistakes; even Uncle H Ezekiah smiled, and related a mistake of his boyish days, that Becky might not subside into discouragement. When the lesson was over, Sybil said to Becky as she retreated towards the door—

"When aunt does not need you, you may bring the dress you had on, and I'll show you how to mend it."

"Yes'm!" was brightly responded.

"Why, uncle," said Sybil, "there is real wit in that child. I had no idea of it."

"Flowers open in the sunshine," was the brief answer, and looking attentively at her uncle, Sybil saw that his contracted expression had softened away still more.

All day she walked in the path that leads up the delectable mountains, and when she found herself in her room at night, she saw that a new sacrifice was pointed out to her. In a few days, she was to start upon a journey to a distant city to visit her cousin Kate; all the childish exuberance of her nature had been stirred by the expectation of this rare indulgence; she was fresh in hope always when under the influence of her better feelings. Now it occurred to her that her uncle needed a journey more than she did; so did his toil-worn wife, and the family purse could not provide the three with means to go. She balanced reasons a few minutes, and there flowed into the chamber of her imagery a singular, enchanting sense of some exquisite compensation, should she make her own pleasure stand back for the good of the others. "If I make this proposition," she mused, "I feel, I know that something airy, delicious, celestial will be added to my life." Had the veiling clay

been removed, she would have seen standing on a rosy summit, her graceful head poised bird-like, and in her eyes an ethereal light, as she listened to the vague, musical life of the angels who moved her.

She hastened down stairs and found her aunt in the sitting-room. It was all arranged; the uncle was willing to try a journey. When she returned to her room, she smiled, and said, "Now I feel a genuine breeze from heaven!" Did she keep in this mood for weeks at a time? O no! But underlying other sensations this feeling rested—*gratitude that God had helped her*. After a month's

absence, the old man returned with his hypochondria gone. This is a simple story of one day; it could hardly be simpler; the great God has made a pause in the nation's happiness, and where shall we find joy if we do not bend down and pick up the crumbs we once despised? They will turn to manna. "*In vain*" and "*Forever*" float in the air; sudden shocks break the dear romance into tragedy. Shall we not look for some divine ray that will have power to light up the asphyxia of the soul that has come? Only one day may lay up "treasure in heaven."

S. A. W.

WARREN, Ohio.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Midnight Incendiary.

BY J. E. M'C.

What a contagion there is in fear, when some unusual cause for anxiety arouses a quiet community. I remember once in the village home of my early years that incendiarism became quite frequent. Houses, barns and shops, for no conceivable reason, would be fired at night, and in the midsummer, drought prevailing, burned like tinder. A valuable piece of woodland covering a hundred acres was entirely consumed, and we saw the red fires gleaming for weeks, and heard the crash of giant trees falling before the destroyer. Mothers slept lightly then, and a shadow of fear and foreboding rested on every one's face. No one could tell what hour he might be awakened by the flames gleaming around him and endangering all most dear. What precautions were taken to guard against the unseen, unknown incendiary! What efforts made to search him out and bring him to justice! A nightly patrol was established, to guard the streets and houses from his villainous designs. But no light was ever thrown upon it, and the disturbance passed away, as all such troubles do in time.

And yet in that town, and in every town in our land, there were a great deal more dangerous persons than the midnight incendiary and assassin. The soft-voiced, gentlemanly man, who invites your son to take his first glass of wine with him, wrongs you more than he who burns down your house. The man who starts the key-bolts of your own, or your child's early pious training, who places a stain upon the alabaster of your childhood's purity of heart, or thought, or speech; who flings a doubt across your mind with regard to your duty in keeping strictly the Lord's day, in performing accustomed religious duties, and in endeavoring to lead a holy life, is more to be dreaded than any midnight murderer. He is an assassin who kills

both body and soul. Oh shun, as you would death in its most terrific form, the man who avows himself an infidel. Guard your child from his breath as you would from that of the pestilence. Make strong and sure the bolts and bars of early religious instruction. Never cease the work while your life lasts. Do not think a son or daughter too old to receive instruction on religious things, from your lips, even though they have passed out from under your roof to make a home for themselves in the world. Above all, let your prayers go up continually for God's protecting care over those so dear to you, and when you have reason to believe that especial temptations assail them. So then, pray—pray as you would plead for their life, if threatened by a danger your entreaties could avert. "Ye shall ask what ye will in my name and it shall be done unto you."

Thoughts for Mothers.

The influence which woman exerts is silent and still, felt rather than seen, not chaining the hands, but restraining our actions by gliding into the heart.

Young children often do wrong merely from the immaturity of their reason, or from a mistaken principle; and when this is the case, they should be tenderly reproofed, and patiently shown their error.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good-humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties

with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

Health of Children.

More than half the diseases from which children suffer, are caused by the injudicious treatment they receive at the hands of those who can have no excuse for their ignorance. The influence of the brain on the digestive organs is direct. During childhood, when the brain is, in common with other organs, in a state of great activity and rapid development, the proper arrangement of diet is of the greatest importance. Cheerful activity, cleanliness, dry pure air, adequate clothing, and a suitable regimen, are indispensable promoters of health. Horses and cattle are carefully fed with the food that suits them best; and by humane people greater care is bestowed upon them than the majority of parents give to their children. Some may think we are coloring too highly this state of things; that all right-minded parents love their children too much willingly to injure them. Still we may kill them by misguided kindness. Look into society, as it is at present constituted, and your own knowledge will furnish you with instances of grievous wrong done to children by parents violating the physical laws of their being. We know many such; and we do not hesitate to say it, for such is our conviction, that if their children be not removed when young from the deteriorating example and pernicious training of their parents, they will in all probability become gluttons and

drunkards. High-seasoned and unwholesome food is given in such large quantities, and at such irregular times, that unnatural appetites are created, and digestion impaired. Stimulating and poisonous substances are administered to them to invigorate their systems, which have quite the contrary effect, and lay the foundation for all kinds of maladies in future years. Some mothers so stuff their children the whole year round with unwholesome, exciting, and stimulating meats and drinks, that they become complete gourmands, and their whole thoughts are occupied with what they shall eat, what they shall drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. If parents would give their children good, wholesome, nourishing food, their only drink water, and let strict regularity and punctuality be observed in regard to their times of eating, a gradual change for the better would distinctly mark the rising generation; for it is most certain that parents cannot be too particular about the dietetic habits of their children. Their happiness here and hereafter greatly depend upon the right physiological training or treatment given them in early life. And yet how many mothers make their table a snare to their offspring by pampering their appetites, and loading their stomachs with improper food.

Louisa.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Dear little pet! thy loving ways,
Thy looks so sweet and tender,
Have stormed the fortress of my heart,
And forced it to surrender.

What mirthfulness lurks in thine eye!
What smiles thy lips are wreathing!
A thousand nameless graces fill
The very air thou'rt breathing.

Thy tiny arms about my neck,
Thy eloquent caressings,
Have won my very heart to thee,
Thou very best of blessings.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Out on the Pond.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, Fannie, it'll be splendid!" said Donald Avon, to his little cousin, whom he had been visiting in the great city, feasting his eyes and feeding his thoughts with the wonderful sights that met him on every side, for Donald Avon was one of those bright, quick, inquisitive urchins, who never let anything in the world escape them.

So, from morning until night, this boy from the country was busy and intent watching the great

yellow omnibuses, with the drivers perched high on top, as they rumbled and thundered by his uncle's door; peering into all the shop windows, with their wonderful array of all strange and beautiful things; visiting the galleries of paintings, where the pictures held him for once bound and still, with their marvellous fascination and loveliness; and at night watching the gas-lighter, as he came up the street with his small ladder, which he sat down so quick and hard against every post, and then sprang lightly up, and opened the small glass door of the great lamp, and lo! a large golden bee would sud-

denly shoot up and flutter inside; and Donald would watch eagerly at the window as each bee spread its wings of flame down the street, until there was a long row of them, straight as a line of soldiers, farther than his eye could see, making a long golden perspective through the darkness.

So Donald saw all these things, and an innumerable host of others, which it would take my pen long to write of; and your eyes, oh, deaf children, would grow weary reading of them.

Donald Avon was over his eleventh birthday at the time of my writing, and Sallie, his little cousin, was a year younger. You would have liked this boy, I am sure, with his brave, bright face, his hazel eyes, with the light and the frolic always wide awake in them; and in a different sort of way—a sweeter, more tender way, would you have liked Donald's little cousin, Sallie St. Clair. Her eyes were like the smile of the sky over the meadows of June; her curls like sunbeams spilled out of the May; and her lips—to what blush rose—to what opening bloom of fuchsia—to what glow of the queenly cactus, shall I compare the small red lips of Sallie St. Clair!

Her father and Donald's mother were brother and sister; the former was a merchant in the city. Donald's father was a farmer, who lived in a large pleasant country house, in the midst of his broad wheat fields, and great orchards and meadows, carpeted every spring with the velvet of young May grasses.

Sallie went every summer to the farm-house. She loved it, this bright, sweet, happy little girl, better than she loved anything on earth—the song of the robins in the great cherry trees, the flocks of chickens in the barn-yard, the spotted calf, the lambs, like small snow-drifts on the distant hills, all had a wonderful fascination for the little girl. She had never been at the farm-house in the winter, but Donald's mother had entreated that her little niece, of whom she was so fond, might return with her son, when his visit through the holidays was closed.

And Donald had drawn most attractive pictures of the country in the winter, until his little cousin seemed to see it all, lying under its bleached flannels of snow, and the sleds glancing like lightning down the hills, and the trees shining in the winter's morning in their diamonds and amethysts. But the imagination of Sallie St. Clair did mostly flower about a small pond beyond the orchard, where she had gone in the hot summer noons, and sat with Donald under the shade of the pines and the cedars, which through all the year stood like soldiers in dark green uniform, around the sheet of water. The pond was not more than a quarter of a mile long, and less than this in width, but it was deep, and sometimes in the summer moonlight the father and mother of Donald, with their son and niece, would go out in the little row boat, and sail up and down the pond.

And so the pond, beyond the orchard, was in the

thoughts of Sallie St. Clair like some wonderful land of enchantment—the brightest, and fairest, and happiest place in all the world. And this last day of her cousin's visit, the little girl sat on the sofa by his side, with a small, handsome pair of skates on her lap, while Donald held another pair in his hand of the same pattern, only almost as large again. And both of these pairs of skates were a present to the children from the kind and loving father of Sallie St. Clair. And so, after a long panegyric upon the skates and the pond, Donald lifted up his face, bright with anticipation and enthusiasm, and broke out with—

"Oh, it'll be splendid, Sallie!"

"I know it will, Donald;" and the face of the little girl repeated and emphasized in some finer way, the fervor of the boy's—"I wish we were there this very minute."

"It isn't but a little while until to-morrow," said Donald, consolingly.

And so, two days afterward, in the sharp, bright winter morning, these cousins, Donald and Sallie, went down over the thin white cambric of snow, which covered the earth, to the pond beyond the great orchard trees.

The cedars and the pines stood up as still and green as they stood in June, only every branch was hung with the white plumes, which the snow of the night before had hung there.

Donald had taken Sallie to the pond on his large sled, and here, with a good deal of pains and difficulty, he succeeded in getting his new skates and Sallie's snugly strapped on. The little girl was at first utterly helpless in hers. The most she could do was to stand absolutely still, for she was certain that a movement to the right or to the left would lay her prostrate on the snow.

But little Sallie had plenty of energy and persistency, or what Donald called "pluck," and although this learning to skate proved a much more formidable matter than she had anticipated, she resolved not to give the matter up.

Donald encouraged her, too. She held one of his hands, and he put the other arm tight around her waist, and so they started off on the pond.

Donald was a capital skater, and though his cousin could not have stood alone for a moment on the ice, still he managed to support her steadily, and it seemed to the little girl that they were flying on wings over the smooth bright floor of the water.

It was such a new, delicious sensation. She lost all her fearfulness in a few moments, and was half wild with delight. The small buds in her cheek bloomed out suddenly into full blush roses, her laugh wound itself like a silver thread into that of Donald's, and the distant hills, in their swaddling bands of snow, caught the sound in their echoes and sent it back again.

And here the children skated for an hour back and forth on the pond beyond the orchard, and at last Sallie grew tired, and Donald found a large

decayed log, which lay close to the pond, where his cousin sat and rested.

"It's cold, Donald," said the little girl, looking at her cousin with a slight shiver, as the warmth which the rapid exercise had kindled through her blood began to die away, after she had sat still for a few minutes.

"Is it? Well, I know a capital way to warm you, Sallie; I've seen the boys kindle a bonfire a great many times on the river, and I'll make one here, out of the dead branches. It will take but a few minutes, and it's such capital fun to see the flames make a blazing pyramid on the ice!"

"Oh, I should think it would be!" And the blue eyes of Sallie St. Clair danced with delight.

It took Donald but a few minutes to gather a pile of dried branches, and a boy was never yet at a loss for ways and means to kindle a fire. He found a couple of matches in his pocket, and striking a light, he touched the small jet of flame to some dried leaves. The flame soon clutched hold of the branches, and in a few moments the whole was in a blaze, and Donald carried his cousin to the burning pile, and Sallie looked on with amazement, and clapped her hands for glee at the strange spectacle. And several times Donald left her, for she could now stand by herself on the ice, while he went off in quest of more fuel to replenish the failing fire.

Now, although the day was cold, the nights had not been intensely so for a week previous, and the ice of the pond was not frozen very deep. The fire warmed and melted it in its vicinity, and while Donald was searching for the dead boughs, he suddenly heard a sharp cracking sound, then a wild cry leaped out from his cousin's lips, and the boy looked up to see the small cloaked and hooded figure sinking down in the great chasm which had suddenly opened under the feet of Sallie St. Clair.

The faces of the dead are not whiter than was the face of this boy, Donald Avon, as he rushed out on the pond, and towards the small arms which were reached up in wild supplication to him as they went under.

Donald had taken some lessons in swimming the previous summer, though he was not expert in this art yet; but he did not think of himself *then*; his only thought was of the sweet face of his cousin, struggling and strangling under the cold waters. The ice cracked under him as he approached the spot where it had broken, and he was about to plunge in, when the dripping, drowned hair, suddenly rose to the surface.

The boy clutched hold of it, he dragged it out; the ice was cracking, cracking, but he threw the drowned figure swiftly yet carefully out farther on the pond, where the ice was stronger, and managed to skim over it. One moment more, and he would have gone under himself.

Another minute, and he had taken the dripping, unconscious figure in his arms, and fast as his trembling feet and the heavy burden would permit, he bore it towards the house.

What a sight it was for the eyes of Donald's mother, as they fell on the dripping figure of her little niece—on the white face of her son. Donald's first cry was—

"I don't believe she's dead, mother; though she fell in, she wasn't under long enough."

Dear children, who read my story, can you think how glad I am to tell you that these words of Donald's were true? They poured restoratives down the throat of little Sallie St. Clair, they chafed and warmed her cold limbs, and in a little while, they had the great joy of seeing her open her blue eyes again. And it seemed very wonderful that in a few days she grew quite well again. So, while fever and diphtheria gathered last winter so many children into the great garner of God, and left so many homes desolate and mourning where they had bloomed in beauty and fragrance, little Sallie St. Clair lived on to rejoice the eyes and keep warm the hearts of her parents; and while the children's graves, like small pillows, were scattered over the land for the spring grass to cover, she who had come so very near to death lived very happy on earth—not so happy though as the dear little children who went home to their Father and ours in Heaven.

But the pond had lost its old charm—its old sweet associations for Sallie St. Clair, and all through the winter she never went with her cousin Donald skating "Out on the Pond" any more. She put her skates carefully away, but once in a while now she goes and looks at them wistfully and says—

"Another winter, if I live, I shall be older and wiser. Perhaps I will try it once more; but oh, I will never go near a fire on the ice again."

How William Got a Place.

BY J. E. M'C.

Two boys applied for a place in a gentleman's store. One was older than the other, and had some experience in the business. He was a gentleman's son, and well dressed. The other boy was the only son of a poor widow. His clothes were well mended, but perfectly clean, and his face had a quiet, honest expression, which impressed a stranger favorably. Though the elder lad came recommended from a gentleman he highly esteemed, the merchant decided in favor of the widow's son, quite to the surprise of every one. A circumstance which seemed trifling in itself, had influenced him in making this decision.

The two boys came together at the hour appointed, and the merchant was on his own door step at the same time. Just then a poor little shivering child crossed the street, and as she stepped on the side walk her foot slipped on the icy stones, and she fell in the half melted snow. The elder boy laughed rudely at her sorry appearance, the water dripping from her thin, ragged

clothes, but the child began crying bitterly, and searching for the four pannies she had lost. William, the younger boy, hastened to her side and helped her search for them. Two were found in the snow, the other two were probably in the little icy pool beside the curbstone. William bravely stripped up his sleeve and plunged his hand down into the water, groping about till one of the missing pennies was found, but the other seemed hopelessly lost.

"I am afraid that can't be found, little girl," he said, pleasantly.

"Then I can't get the bread," sobbed the child; "and mammy and the children will have no supper."

"There is a penny," said William, taking one from a little purse which contained but very few more, and then he made haste to wash off his hand in the snow and dry it on his coarse white handkerchief. The other boy looked on with contempt, and remarked, as they passed along in—

"It is plain enough you are a green horn in the city."

The gentleman had observed it all, and scarcely asked the rude boy a question, but after some conversation with William, he said he would be willing to take him for a time on trial. At the end of his month of probation, he had grown so much in favor with all parties, that the engagement was renewed for a year.

Now, shall I tell you the secret of his success? It was his *politeness*. That means a kind expression of kind feelings. Many very fashionable people are far from being polite, and sometimes the most lowly are very remarkable for it. The merchant knew that the boy who would be truly polite to a poor little ragged child, would never be impolite to customers. He knew that a boy whose principles would hold out when he was laughed at, could be trusted. Remember, that the boy who is uniformly polite in his behaviour, has ten chances of success in the world where a rude boy has one.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

HAM TOAST.—Melt a small piece of butter in a stew-pan until it is slightly browned; beat up one egg and add it to it; put in as much finely-minced ham as would cover a round of buttered toast, adding as much gravy as will make it moist when quite hot. When all the ingredients are in, stir them quickly with a fork; pour on to the buttered toast, which cut in pieces afterwards any shape you please. Serve hot.

BREAKFAST JELLY.—Boil one ox tail in a gallon of water until reduced to a quart; then chop the meat of the heel fine, and put it again into the stew-pan with the liquor, adding a teaspoonful of vinegar and the same of parsley chopped fine; put in some salt and let all boil together for a quarter of an hour; pour it into a mould, and turn it out for use when cold. It is eaten with a little pounded sugar, mustard and vinegar mixed together, without which it would be found insipid.

BURNS OR SCALDS.—A very simple and perfectly efficacious remedy is salad oil, beaten up with the whites of eggs in a bowl, into which dip pieces of old linen; to be applied to the parts burnt or scalded, and keep changing as the linen cloths applied become warm. In a very serious and extensive scald, the relief afforded in a few hours was attended with permanent success, and where there was some delay in procuring medical advice. This simple French remedy must be persevered in till the sufferer finds relief from it, which he will do

in the course of a few hours, when the blisters will be found to subside. The linen cloths applied must be large enough to cover the injured parts.

TRIPE, LYONS FASHION.—Boil two pounds of tripe; when done, drain it, dry with a cloth, cut it in pieces about an inch square, put in the pan four ounces of butter, four middling-sized onions cut in slices, fry for a few minutes, then add the tripe, stir them every four minutes for about a quarter of an hour, then put in a teaspoonful of salt, half ditto of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, mixed well, and it will be ready for serving.

WELSH RABBIT.—Toast a round of bread from a quartern loaf; put about four ounces of cheese into a small saucepan or pipkin with a teaspoonful of mustard, a little pepper and salt, and a wineglass of ale; break the cheese small, set it on the fire, and stir until it is melted, when pour over the toast, and serve quickly.

2d.—Toast a round of bread, and place on it two pieces of cheese, single Gloucester, a quarter of an inch thick; place it before the fire, and as the cheese melts, spread it over the bread with a knife, also a little cayenne and mustard.

3d.—Take a penny French roll, cut off a thin slice from one end, and take out some of the crumb and place it in the oven. Melt the cheese as above, and pour it into the roll. It is very good for a journey, or a sportsman, and can be eaten cold.

4th, OR IRISH RABBIT.—Toast a round of bread; chop up four ounces of cheese, a small piece of butter, one gherkin, some mustard, pepper, and salt, until it is quite a paste; spread it over the toast, and place them in the oven for five minutes, and serve hot.

How to BOIL SLICED FISH.—To every pint of water, says Soyer, put a teaspoonful of salt; when boiling, add your fish, of whatever kind it may be, calculating that a pound of any sort of fish will take from fifteen to twenty minutes; but ascertain if the bone separates easily from the flesh, as described in the preceding directions. Halibut and sturgeon will take longer than any other fish, plaice less than any. Any fish cut in slices will always eat firmer and better if rubbed, previous to boiling, with the quantity of salt you otherwise put in the water; therefore boil the water plain, adding the fish and salt at the same time. Mackerel will take from fifteen to twenty minutes; trout and haddocks of the size of a mackerel, a little longer; herrings, from twelve to fifteen minutes; skate a trifling time longer; adding a drop of vinegar in the water to any of the above fish is an improvement.

BROWN RAGOUT OF VEAL.—Take two pounds of the breast, cut it into rather small pieces, about the size of an egg, roll them well in flour, put some fat in the frying-pan, fry the meat until a nice brown, take it out, and then fry four onions, two turnips cut in large dice, and one carrot the same; when brown take them out, put the veal and vegetables into pan, season with two teaspoonfuls of salt and one of pepper, add a pint of water, to which has been added four teaspoonfuls of brown-ing; put into oven for one hour, skim the fat, shake the pan, and serve. A few herbs and a little ham or bacon is an improvement. Beef, mutton, lamb, and pork may be done the same way. A teaspoonful of sugar is an improvement.

BEEF WITH VEGETABLES.—Peel two carrots, two turnips, two onions, cut in pieces, put some vegetables at the bottom, then the meat in centre; season, and cover over with remaining vegetables; add a few cloves, a pint of water, or half ale and half water; put in slow oven for three hours, take off the fat, and serve. Four pounds of any inferior part of beef will eat tender done thus.

MUTTON CUTLETS.—The chop from the neck is the best to semi-fry; they should be nicely cut, and the bone at the thick part removed, as it prevents the meat from doing; then beat up the yolk and white of an egg, with a pinch of salt; have ready some bread crumbs, made from stale bread, and sifted, (this may always be kept ready in a canister); beat out the cutlets with a small chopper, dip them or rub them with a brush with the egg,

place some of the bread crumbs on a plate, and lay the cutlet on them; press them; serve both sides the same, and shake off all loose crumbs; have the fat in the pan quite hot, lay them in it; when nicely browned on one side, turn them over, and do the other side the same; take them out, lay them on a cloth, so that no fat remains; serve with any made sauce.

A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper, and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

To MAKE A HOT-POT.—To make this successfully, it is necessary to be provided with a deep glazed earthenware dish, with a cover fitting closely over it. Take a loin of mutton, first cut it into chops, and then free them from fat and skin, and upon each chop lay a piece of butter the size of a marble. Peel some potatoes, and cut them into thin slices. Place first a layer of these sliced potatoes at the bottom of the dish, at the top of these a layer of chops, seasoning them well with pepper and salt, then a mutton kidney, and some oysters; begin again with a layer of potatoes, and continue in the same order until the dish is full, finishing off with a layer of potatoes which are cut into four quarters. Pour in half a pint of gravy, a tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, the same quantity of walnut catsup, and the liquor of the oysters, which should be strained carefully. Place the cover firmly on the dish, to keep in the aroma, and bake from an hour and a half to two hours, according to the oven. The dish is sent to the table with a serviette flannel pinned round it. For a moderate sized hot-pot, 3 dozen oysters and 3 mutton kidneys are requisite. N.B. If an onion flavoring is preferred, either onions or mushrooms can be substituted for the oysters.

FRIED POTATOES.—Peel the potatoes, cut them into very thin slices, and fry them with a little butter, lard, or dripping. They will eat crisp, and form a nice accompaniment to cold meat. Another way is, when they are peeled, to cut them round and round, as in peeling an apple, until they are quite cut up, then fry them brown and crisp in a pan nearly full of melted lard or oil. Spread them on a dish before the fire to dry, and season them with pepper and salt.

GIBLET SOUP.—Let the giblets be well cleaned; cut them into small pieces, and wash them well in

water. Put them into a saucepan with 1 quart of good broth, and all sorts of herbs chopped fine. Let these simmer together until the giblets are tender; then thicken with flour and butter, and season with salt and cayenne according to taste. Asparagus tops, if in season, may be added; these must be boiled first. If you wish the soup to be white, take the yolks of 4 eggs, beaten up with $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of cream, and add them to the soup five minutes before serving, stirring them in gently, but not allowing them to boil. If the soup is required to be browned, put in a little browning and a glassful of sherry wine.

RICE MERINGUE.—Swell gently 4 oz. of rice in a pint of milk, let it cool a little, and stir $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of fresh butter, 3 oz. of pounded white sugar, the rind of a lemon, and the yolk of 5 eggs. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dish, and lay lightly and evenly over the top the whites of 4 eggs beaten

to snow. Bake the pudding for ten minutes in a gentle oven. The peel of the lemon should be first soaked in a wineglass of white wine before it is added to the other ingredients.

POTATO BALLS.—Mash some potatoes very well, with butter, pepper, and salt, taking care, as in all mashed potatoes, that no lumps remain; shape them into balls, cover them with egg and bread crumbs, and fry them a light brown. This is a very nice supper dish, or a pretty garnish for hashes and ragouts.

PORT WINE JELLY.—Excellent for the Recovering Invalid.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint port wine, 2 oz. isinglass, 1 nutmeg. Pour the wine on the isinglass; let it remain twelve hours. Boil all together, with the nutmeg grated in it. Sweeten to taste. The vessel for boiling must not be an iron one.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

Becomingly Dressed.

That the majority of women prefer being fashionably to becomingly dressed, is a fact that the universal wearing of high bonnets has tended firmly to establish; and it is an extraordinary one, since the majority of women are, at the same time, well aware that the eyes of those they dress to gladden invariably prefer the "becoming" to the "fashionable."

Every woman is—or, if she isn't, she ought to be—fond of being well dressed, and desirous of looking at all times and seasons as well as Nature will allow her to look. It is not only justifiable, but absolutely right and praiseworthy that the aid of art should be called in to assist in obtaining the desirable result. It is unjustifiable, wrong, and reprehensible to a degree, that art should be so frequently distorted, and the result, when achieved, so abominably bad.

About a year and a half ago somebody, in an evil hour, decreed that gaunt high bonnets should be the fashion, and forthwith every feminine face had to be framed in one, or to bravely bear those crushing epithets, "dowdy" and "antique," which were sure to be uttered with respect to the courageous one by irreverend younger sisters with round faces, and milliners desirous of disposing of their lengthy goods.

To give it its due, the high bonnet does suit one face in twenty; it suits a round face, whose breadth can not only bear, but requires toning down; it suits that rarest shape of all, a low-browed, delicate

oval—that shape where the oval is formed by the head arching resolutely immediately above the flat brow—that shape, in fact, that we see in profusion in marble, and meet with in real life about once in ten years. But a long face it causes to resemble a horse's, and imparts that appearance which is so essentially disagreeable, of there being as much lady above the shoulders as below. But the intelligent reader will agree with me in declaring that it is always the longest-faced women who have gone to the height of fashion, and the greatest length as regards bonnets.

Color-blindness must (judging by the toilettes one unfortunately can't avoid seeing) be a much commoner thing than it is generally supposed to be. In a crowd—in a fashionable *richly* dressed crowd—every other woman has some error in the color of her costume (unless she's in deep mourning) which can only be excused by charitably supposing her to be afflicted with color-blindness.

How persistently some pretty women disregard the claims their hair and complexions have on them. How often we see a brilliant brunette, with deep eyes, and deep, clear crimson roses in her cheeks, arrayed in mauve or violet. How perpetually our sense of the beautiful is jarred against by the vision of a young lady, with a saffron hue in her complexion, attired in green, because the green is lovely. This new color, *biche*, has been the means of bringing out decidedly the fact of many faces that were described before as between dark and fair—rather inclining to blonde, in fact—being unmistakably fawn-colored.

What is that law of Nature which rules that fat

women shall insert themselves either into something painfully tight or absurdly voluminous? They always scorn the medium—the fullest of “Giribaldi” in the morning and the most compressing of velvet tiny jackets or vests at night. Nothing between, nothing that would conceal a little without being puffy in itself.

Again. Why do laths—long flat women, with a yard and a half between their ears and the edges of their shoulders—wear garments that give them an appearance of still greater longitude, in their utter absence of trimming on the body and sleeves? And why do they make that aforesaid journey from the ears to the shoulders still more terribly long and plain for the eyes of beholders, by “doing their hair” up high, and leaving *all* of the throat visible.

Fur has been more worn this winter than it has for many seasons, and the thickest, most enlarging fur has been usually placed upon shoulders already meritorious in their size. Fur that would render a sylph portly, if draped about her in the accustoméd tippet form, is sure to be selected out of many other kinds by the broadest backed dowager who chances first to see it.

There are many *piquant* paletôts in vogue now, and many elegant mantles, and these are severally made in the richest and most beautiful materials; but after all, a woman, if graceful in herself, is never so becomingly or gracefully dressed for either the carriage or walking, as when wrapped in a large shawl.

It must be large—no possible arrangement can

make a small shawl look well; but provided it is large, and its wearer knows how to walk under its folds, are purer and finer than those of any other form of outside covering. The thing that makes the wearing of shawls a failure, as a rule, with English and American women is, that they imagine the great and only point to be the getting them—and keeping them with—the point symmetrically in the middle behind. This is a mistake; the shawl is the most freely flowing of all drapery—the most manageable of all drapery—if only the wearer knows how to manage it; therefore anything like stiffness should be abstained from in both its adjustment and subsequent arrangement.

What pretty hats the milliners have devised. Velvet hats, half Spanish, half Henry the Third, with just a dash of the sugar loaf or brigand in them; and the Prince of Wales's plume in the most airy of snowy feathers in the front. Round, drooping, flat-brimmed, we have them now of every shape, of every texture, and almost of every color. All faces may be suited, if only judgment is used; hats are in themselves so pretty that it is a hard struggle to get very far wrong with one. The worst and most frequent mistake made with respect to hats, is that of putting one suited to a child of tiny proportions and tender years, on the top of a visage that has expanded through a series of many moons into the semblance of a full one.

In conclusion, we cannot think a lady becomingly dressed when she is bound in leather, and studded with steel nails like a portmanteau.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TANGLED SKIN. By Albany Fonblanque, Jr. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. Phila: W. P. Hazard.

A story of English life, vigorous and natural. The author is a close observer, a good delineator of character, and a skilful worker among the mysteries of fiction.

THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. A Novel. By the author of “Margaret Maitland,” &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Phila: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Mrs. Oliphant, whether as a story writer, or in biography, always takes the hearts of her readers. “Salem Chapel,” the longest of the stories in this volume, will be found equal to nearly anything which has appeared from the author's pen.

AGNES STANROPE: A Tale of English Life. By Miss Martha Romick. Boston: James M. Usher.

A story of considerable power. We do not recollect any previous book by the same author; but this shows her to possess depth of feeling, skill in reading human emotions, and ability to describe with effect and clearness. A little more care in the

choice of words, as to their exact meaning in sentences, would give her better acceptance with readers of taste; but this will come through practice, and the study of good literary models. Her aims as a writer are pure and high.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By Miss Braddon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A twenty-five cent edition of this popular novel. It makes No. 225 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

TACTICS; or, Cupid in Shoulder-Straps. A West Point Love Story. By Heaton Drille, U. S. A. New York: Curleton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A sprightly book, that will amuse for the hour.

BARRINGTON. A Novel. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Of the “Library of Select Novels,” this makes No. 226. The popular author's admirers, and they are many, will only need to be advised of its publication.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

A religious feeling pervades most of these poems. No one can enter into their spirit without being lifted above the world, and the fret and jar of its common things. They awaken confidence in God, and restore faith in his providence. Some are of a high order. Take the following, in which the author, while she awakens the heart's deepest experiences at every sentence, enlightens the reason, and from sorrow and disappointment draws lessons of comfort.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

Thou hast done well to kneel and say,
"Since He who gave can take away,
And bid me suffer, I obey."

And also well to tell thy heart,
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all:
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see
That good and evil come to thee,
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand
Dependent on his brother's hand;

So links more subtle and more fine
Bind every other soul to thine
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vexed;
Though incomplete, and even perplex,
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.

The flash that struck thy tree—no more
To shelter thee—lets Heaven's blue floor
Shine where it never shone before.

Thy life, that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide,
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May echo on some far off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
A chord in some great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul,
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light,
Deep set within that deep delight
Will be to know *why* all was right.

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And, while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfil
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will,

And trust, as if already plain,
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place
Touched by thy life; nor dare I trace
Its far vibrations into space.

One only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret
Needs a more tender comfort yet:

Then thou mayest take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years;

And through thy anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law
That sees no failure and no flaw,

Where all is good. And life is good,
Were the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By Wm. Henry Russell.
Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. Philadelphia: W. P.
Hazzard.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By Wm. Henry Russell.
New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B.
Lippincott & Co.

These are two editions of this book. Burnham's edition is a bound duodecimo of six hundred pages; Harper's is an octavo in paper covers. The diary of Mr. Russell is as fair as could be expected from one so full of self-consequence and prejudice as the noted "Times" correspondent. As read by intelligent Americans, whose knowledge of things in their own country it is fair to presume is a little more accurate than that of a passing traveller, it will not leave a favorable impression of the author. They cannot regard him as ranking above the ordinary class of book-making rambles, who produce wares to sell. "My Diary," is gotten up for a certain market, and will sell.

THE GREAT CONSUMMATION. The Millennial Rest; or, the World as it Will Be. By Rev. John Cumming.
New York: Carleton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Two series of millennial discourses by Dr. Cumming have already appeared. "The Great Tribulation," and "The Great Preparation," series. The volume now given to the public is the first of another series—"The Great Consummation: or, the World as it Will Be." In his preface to this volume, the author says of it:—"In this volume, which

concludes and completes the series, I have labored to set forth that nearing blessedness, that bridal of heaven and earth, the consummation of a long betrothal—that sunshine which once bathed all Eden—and interrupted, clouded, and repeated for six thousand years, will break—the sooner the better—on our earth, and perfect a world that will never fade, and cover it with a glory that will never die.”

The preacher is an earnest, eloquent man, and has lived among his ideas of a literal fulfilment of prophecy so long, that he is fully in the belief of a visible and personal second coming of the Lord to reign on the earth a thousand years. While holding a different opinion in regard to the nature of this second advent, we cannot but respect the

sincerity with which he presses his views upon the public.

NOTES, CRITICISMS, AND CORRESPONDENCE UPON SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND ACTORS. By James Henry Hackett. New York: Carleton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Students of Shakespeare, and play-going people, will find much in this volume to interest them. Mr. Hackett addresses his readers in a frank, genial style, and wins, from the start, their good feeling as well as interest. A valuable part of the book is contained in the letters to Mr. Hackett of John Quincy Adams, and other distinguished men, giving their views of certain plays and characters of the great bard. There is a portrait of the author as a frontispiece.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"ALONE."

How much we are necessarily, inevitably this! Even those who are most social in character and temperament, who seek appreciation and sympathy from those about them, are nevertheless solitary, locked up in great measure from all human appreciation and apprehension. We can give no one the key to that tower where our soul sits alone and veiled. Our emotions, our needs, our wants and our sorrows, the essence of ourselves, who can intermeddle with these?

Have you never, oh my reader, gone to one who loved you in some sorrow, or crisis of your life, and been utterly baffled in your attempt to make that other realize to the uttermost your peculiar feeling or difficulty, trial or hardship? This it may be was no fault of yours, or your friend's; only he could not reach, comprehend, receive your want. There was no lack of tenderness, no penury of soul on his part, which caused the failure. You knew, perhaps, that this friend would sacrifice much for your sake, would fly to your need if any physical peril beset you; would mingle tears of sympathy with yours over any sorrow he could understand; and yet though he listened now to the story which touched the very quick of your life he did not kindle nor melt, he seemed dull, unresponsive, and at last the words fell hard, and slow, and cold from your lips; and you came to a dead stop, baffled, disappointed, despairing. You could not reach your friend with the arms your soul stretched out, and when he spoke, attempting to counsel, console, strengthen you, his speech was so wide of the mark, he had so utterly failed to apprehend the real spirit of your meaning, that you felt the utter uselessness of attempting to adequately convey your need on the one hand, or of anticipating that it would be apprehended on the other!

You were alone!

It cannot be otherwise. No hand can draw aside the veil and enter the inner tabernacle where the soul has its solitary dwelling, and those who have known us longest, and are most closely united to us, either by ties of nature or grace of soul, are often to our innermost selves afar off.

Dear reader, this individuality of soul is best for us! We need always to cultivate our own moral independence, always to be taught our human limitations, and as in this world, in a moral sense, nothing is complete nor perfected, so we must learn never to be disappointed, never to expect entire and perfect sympathy. We must learn to depend upon ourselves, to help ourselves, to live in ourselves, and for the rest, He who tries the counsels of the heart, and knows what is in the dark and hidden chambers of all the souls He has created, has promised, if we trust His love, and obey His will, that in all the crises and calamities of our lives, beyond reach of human aid or sympathy, that He will not leave us *alone*.

V. F. T.

WHO AND WHAT THE GIVERS ARE.

These are not oftentimes the rich folk. Sometimes they are, for the gift, the power, the genius of making money does not of a necessity, accompany a mean, hard, greedy character; but one is little acquainted with human nature who has not learned that the men who amass fortunes are very frequently of this type, that the getting money when it once takes possession of a man is pretty certain to change him, to chill his sympathies, to harden his heart, to develop the cold, selfish, despotic side of him; you shall not generally find him ready to listen to some pitiful story of the weak and the suffering, the clasp of his plethoric purse will not be swift to open, and the richer he is, perhaps the

greater the probability that you will find the way to his heart a long and steep one.

This fact never struck us with more painful force than it did not a great while since, when we learned that a gentleman in New York had interested himself in procuring subscriptions for clothing the children of a large benevolent institution in that city, which is probably known to all of our readers.

The children were ragged, homeless, destitute; lifted from the lowest stratum of New York life by kind hands and tender hearts that longed to rescue their young lives from the sin, and shame, and wretchedness in which they had taken root. Everybody admitted the nobleness of the work. "But," said the gentleman, "I went to the rich men in New York—to the men whose names are known throughout the land, because of the princely fortunes they have builded—to the men who out of their millions would not have missed thousands—I went to these men in behalf of these helpless, suffering children, and I got—nothing! Hand nor heart opened to me. No, no. I learned one lesson, and that was, if the poor want help don't go to the rich for it."

"Where did you get it, then?" we asked, shocked and indignant at his story.

"Oh, we got it from men who hadn't made fortunes—men in business, and who felt their dollars more than the others would the hundreds they didn't give."

No, certainly the richest folk are not the best givers. And then, again, the best givers are not always where they ought to be found, in the churches. We wonder if there ever was a church, unless it was an extremely small and humble one, which didn't have a class of members who were rich, miserly, mean, hard men—men who ground the faces of the poor; men who made money out of the weak and helpless; men who never went heart or hand into any benevolent enterprise; men who lived utterly for themselves, and yet said long prayers, and called themselves Christians! So did they unto whom His voice thundered forth that awful curse, which crashes through the rough Hebrew, "Woe unto you scribes and pharisees!" His voice so tender and persuasive that the broken-hearted women, and the timid little children were drawn softly towards it; His voice more loving than a mother's lullaby as she sits by the cradle of her child. And when one hears, as alas! we shall have to, until the millennium, which is still such a long, long way ahead, of such members of the churches, one is seized with a great desire to say to them, "Don't you know you are doing a great deal more harm in God's church than you would out of it. Don't you know that He will hold you doubly responsible, because you took His name on your soul while you served mammon, and so brought disgrace on your profession? If you will be mean, and screwing, and miserly, so that all broad and generous hearts must despise you, if you must oppress the poor and take advantage of the

weak, do it under your own colors. Don't add the sin of hypocrisy to your other wrong."

But these things are easier written than said to one's face. And the true "giver," the warm heart that is always ready to open its doors so that others can come in and find shelter by its hearthstone, is so often injudicious in its charities, by limitation of knowledge, and weakness of judgment, that like most things in this world, our charities are often imperfect, misapplied.

The importunate, the exacting, the indolent, the unworthy, get often the Benjamin's portion, while the delicate, the sensitive, the struggling, live on unnoticed and uncared for! Alas! how many things there are gone wrong in the world. How much we find on every side, to grieve, and fret, and harrow us!

Certainly it is in nowise best to dwell on the dark side too long; to constantly fret ourselves over it. At the farthest we see only a little way, and that which is wrong may be working itself towards light and release. Then it's so easy to find fault, so hard to do right. We can see the errors of others in giving—are we givers ourselves?

Oh, we can all be these; it may not be of money, or of lands, or of costly gifts; but of soothing, comforting, cheering, helpful words and deeds; spilling these along the hours we walk, as the sunshine spills into the June its golden wine. They may seem not much, oh reader, and yet these shall be counted the myrrh and frankincense of your lives; good gifts which the greatest "Giver" will receive as sweet and anointed service to Him. V. F. T.

APRIL.

The winds are sobbing themselves to sleep; and we have walked together another year, oh reader. March, our anniversary month, has passed by with the voice of her mighty prophecies thundering upon the mountains, and sweeping through the valleys. How the years fly! Each one seems to go to a more rapid march, and the bridge of the days which lie betwixt our anniversaries grows shorter and shorter!

But though many fair and pleasant hopes fall like early blossoms into the laps of these years, though many nests where the spring birds sang hang deserted and silent on the boughs, though in some sense we all grow graver with every anniversary, still, dear reader, broken hopes, and perished dreams, and withered joys make us sit down in the sackcloth and ashes of lamentation.

No—no, we believe in serenity, in cheerfulness to the end; despite all the sorrows, the losses, the wisdom bought at such a terrible cost of experience. We believe in them still, though we send to you our yearly greeting once more under that dark cloud which lay black and threatening over our land on our last anniversary, which has not passed away yet.

Many battle fields have been added to the number of those we named with a shudder twelve

months ago; many more homes have been desolated, and alas! many more hearts have ached and broken since that April and this!

And this—this that rises up again with her blue eyes turned sweet and hopeful towards the summer; with her mornings built on foundations of gold, and her evenings wearing the flush of the first June roses, comes to our earth, fulfilling the time of her appointment, just as full of love and promise as those other April's when no noise and no tumult of war was abroad in the land.

Nature never falters in her times and labor for any sorrow or limitation of ours. She comes with her face of beauty and her breath of healing to clothe and renew the desolate, dumb, captive earth; and she comes to us again the priest of God most high.

Dear reader, in the name of this April of eighteen hundred and sixty-three, we send you our again greeting. Oh, may the sadness and grief which are inevitably woven up with it, now, have ended in the joy, and triumph, and thanksgiving of peace before we write another; and then may our land—the land of our Fathers—be a land, free and undivided!

V. F. T.

THE DELAWARE WATER GAP.

We had recently a ride on the *Delaware and Lackawanna road*, and through the *Delaware Water Gap*. We cannot, of course, tell what this would be in the summer, but that winter day seemed to us to hold some sunshine spilled and lost out of the heart of June, and gathered up tenderly as some precious relic, by the cold withered hands of December.

Of the bold, picturesque, beautiful scenery amid which this road winds, with the great solemn mountains looking down on us as we swept under their feet—of all the grand and beautiful features of the country amid which our journey lay, we cannot here attempt to do justice.

But we do desire to bear some cordial testimony to the kindness and courtesy of the officers on this road, and here we believe that many would heartily join us. In this matter, too, we cannot say all that we know—suffice it the road is under the control of men who deserve praise in all respects for their generosity, kindness and courtesy.

V. F. T.

A limited number of young ladies will be received as boarding pupils in a private family, where they can enjoy the privileges of a pleasant home and careful instruction. Unusual advantages and care will be given young ladies whose early education has been neglected. Location unsurpassed for health and pleasantness. For further particulars and references, address A. B., care of editors of this magazine.

We can assure all those who are interested in the advertisement above, that an opportunity of no ordinary kind here presents itself. The lady who proposes to open this boarding school is amply qualified in all respects for the charge of a few select pupils.

In addition to this, they will have a *home*, refined and pleasant, and where the social and moral atmosphere will satisfy the most solicitous parents. We speak here from personal knowledge of the matter, and are confident that a few young ladies or children could find here what boarding-schools are not always—a *home*.

V. F. T.

BREATHE THOU A PRAYER.

Inscribed with great respect and regard to Mrs. SARAH N * * * * of Bristol, Pa.

BY SAMUEL CAMERON.

When memory from her treasured store,
Recurr to joys which shine no more,
The brightest of the heart's rich lore,

The hallowed past hath given;
Oh! then, when swelling at thy heart,
The thought that friends but meet to part,
No joy unreach'd by sorrow's dart,

Breathe thou a prayer to heaven;
From thy pure heart most fervently,
Dear friend, oh! breathe such prayer for me.

ONE DOLLAR IN CHARITY.

We too often fail to give because our means are small. Fifty cents, a dollar, or even five dollars might be spared now and then, and cheerfully given; but on looking at suffering and want in the painful aggregate, we say—"This is nothing! A drop in the ocean—it will be lost!"

Let us see what a single dollar may do—rather what it has done. Facts speak for themselves. They are potent reasoners. In a recent number of the "Advocate and Family Guardian," published at the House of Industry and Home for the Friendless, in New York city, we met with the following in the report of one of the "Visitors." It is worth remembering:—"One dollar kindly given me by a friend of the Home to be expended for sick and wounded soldiers, was used as follows: Paid for woolen yarn for a pair of socks, now being knitted by a poor German woman, who wished to do something to aid the suffering, 25 cents; tea-rusk—a nice change from hospital bread—enough to supply the patients of two wards, forty-two in number, 25 cents; pocket handkerchiefs, 10; perfumed soap, very acceptable to the wounded, six pieces, 8; fifty copies of the hymn, 'Just as I am,' for distribution and united singing by soldiers and visitors, 5; pocket combs for the destitute, six in number, 12; Heavenly Manna, a daily text-book, desired by a soldier, as a gift to his daughter, 10; Book of Psalms, for a little drummer-boy severely wounded at the battle of Antietam, now recovering, 5. These items used up the dollar profitably, as some of the purchases made were in part a gift. Then, too, its disbursement gave opportunity for Christian conversation with the afflicted and suffering, that may not be labor lost."

The name of the author of "The Patience of Hope," and "A Present Heaven," is Miss Dora Greenwell. A new volume from her pen, entitled "The Two Friends," has just appeared.

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Blessed are they that mourn.	Frémont, Maj. Gen.	McClellan, Maj. Gen.	Suffer little Children.
Believer's Vision.	Farragut, Admiral.	Mitchell, Maj. Gen.	Stanton, Hon. E. M.
Butler, Maj. Gen.	Foote, Admiral.	Mansfield, Maj. Gen.	Twins, The.
Banks, Maj. Gen.	Family Worship.	Mosher, Col.	Townsend, Miss V. F.
Burnside, Maj. Gen.	Good Shepherd. By Murillo.	Marriage of the Virgin.	Taylor, Bayard.
Buell, Maj. Gen.	Grant, Maj. Gen.	Mittford, Miss.	Tennyson.
Brownlow, Parson.	Goldsborough, Admiral.	Mercy's Dream.	Viel, Brig. Gen.
Browning, Robert.	Halbeck, Maj. Gen.	Mad. De Stael.	Vandyke.
Browning, Mrs. E. B.	Hunter, Maj. Gen.	Olive Plants.	Virgin of Seville. Murillo.
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